McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner

L. ROGERS, Proprietor

Arrival and Departure of Mails

Mail via N. Y. & E. [illegible] at [illegible] p. m. and leaves at [illegible]. [illegible] arrives at [illegible] and leaves at [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Mail arrives at 2 [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Mail arrives every [illegible] and departs at [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Mail closes [illegible] office open from [illegible] to [illegible] p. m.

[illegible] SPRAGUE, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge No. [illegible] F. & A. M. meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month [illegible] at Masonic Hall, Main street.

[illegible] W. M.

C. M. SMITH, Sec'y

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge No. [illegible] meets every Tuesday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

J. C. GALLUP, M. W.

T. V. POWELL, Recorder

G. A. R.

Post No. [illegible] G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

[illegible] Com.

[illegible] Adj't.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at Backus Hall.

[illegible] N. G.

W. H. WETENHALL, Sec'y

Churches.

METHODIST.—Rev. [illegible] pastor. Preaching at 11 [illegible] and [illegible] p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at 10 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] on Saturday evenings at [illegible] o'clock.

BAPTIST.—[illegible] pastor. Preaching at half past 10 a. m. and half past 7 p. m. Sabbath school directly after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 [illegible]. Covenant meeting Saturday [illegible] the first Sunday in every month. [illegible]

EPISCOPAL.—[illegible] Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and [illegible] except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at [illegible] a. m.

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—J. J. GALLIGAN, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. [illegible] Sunday school at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Borough Officers.

[illegible]

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

[illegible]

State

[illegible]

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Agent of the Trustees

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[illegible], Feb'y 25, [illegible]

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ROBT. C. SIMPSON
Agent of the Trustees

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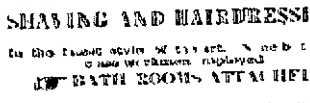

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BRADFORD, PA

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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W. H. Wetenhall.

Smethport, March 12, 1884—ly.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY

AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

(*Continued from last week.*)

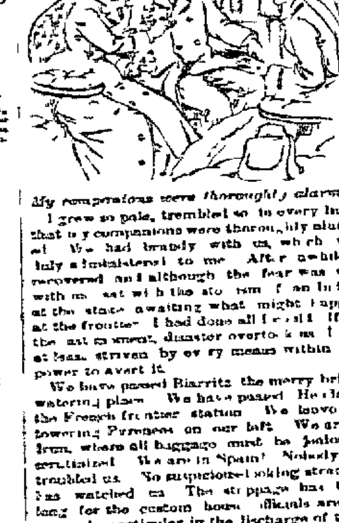
The next day's journey was a weary one for us all. My companions had not shaken off the fatigue of the previous day, and now that Philippa's safety was, comparatively speaking, assured, a reaction set in with me. No wonder I shudder now as I think of the strain to which both body and mind had been subjected during the last [illegible]. I was moody and listless. The air was full of fog and rain. The so-called express train plodded along after the well known style of French railways. Orleans, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, Angouleme, Coutras and other stations passed us as in a dream. The dull day crept on until dark evening was upon us, and we were all thoroughly glad when our day's journey ended at Bordeaux.

My mother, who was rather great at guide books, had beguiled part of the journey by a Murray, which somehow made its appearance from her travelling bag. As she knew we were to sleep at Bordeaux she had been laying down the law as to what we were to look at. We were to see the curious high wooden fifteenth century houses of the old town, the cathedral, with its fine towers, the very old churches of St. Croix and St. Seurin, and a variety of other interesting objects. It needed all the assurance I possessed and all the invalid's querulousness and insistence I could assume to induce her to consent to resume our journey the first thing in the morning. Even Philippa pleaded for delay and gave me to understand that she thought I was using my mother unfairly. But I was firm. If I could I would have hurried on by the midnight train. Any way now that we were within a few hours journey of the frontier and of safety I would leave no more than I could help to chance.

So in the early morning I got my party together and before it was light led them to the train. I believed that by now my mother looked upon me as rather out of my senses. She frankly owned she could not see the necessity of making a toil out of what might be a pleasure. She little knew that nothing could have made that journey a pleasure to me, that even finding Philippa's eyes now and again fixed on my face with what I almost dared to think was tender interest—that even the blush which crossed her cheek when I caught those glances—was not sufficient to reward me for my anxiety.

A slow, a painfully slow train. Innumerable stoppages. A country which under the circumstances would have given me no interest, even if we had been in summer instead of winter, and then, after nearly five hours slow travelling, Bayonne at last. Bayonne, with its strong fortifications. Bayonne, with the welcome Pyrenees towering above it. In less than two hours we should be in Spain.

A curious dread seized me—a presentiment so strong that ever since then I have had faith in presentiments. Something seemed to tell me that all my efforts had been in vain; that at the frontier there would be certain intelligence received which would lead to our arrest; that Philippa, with one foot, as it were, in the land of refuge, would be seized and carried back to face the terrors and the shame of a trial for murder. It was, as events showed, an absurd fancy, and only the increasing tension of my nerves can account for the hold it gained upon me.



My companions were thoroughly alarmed.

I grew so pale, trembled so in every limb that my companions were thoroughly alarmed. We had brandy with us, which was duly administered to me. After awhile I recovered, and although the fear was still with me, sat with the stoicism of an Indian at the stake awaiting what might happen at the frontier. I had done all I could. If at the last moment disaster overtook us, I had at least striven by every means within my power to avert it.

We have passed Biarritz, the merry bright watering place. We have passed Hendaye, the French frontier station. We leave the towering Pyrenees on our left. We are at Irun, where all baggage must be jealously scrutinized. We are in Spain! Nobody has troubled us. No suspicious-looking stranger has watched us. The stoppage has been long, for the custom house officials are annoyingly particular in the discharge of their duty, but our noble-looking courier has saved us all personal trouble. He had done us yeoman's service. At last we are in another train, a train which runs on a line of another gauge. The very time of day has changed. We have lost or gained—I forget which—some twenty minutes. We now count by Madrid time. We are fairly on Spanish ground and I have saved my love—saved her from others—now to save her from herself. Never, never shall she know the secret of that dark night. We will speed away to the south—to the sun, the color, the brightness, the flowers. All shall be forgotten. The dark remembrance shall be swept from my mind. I will call it a dream. I will win Philippa's love—the love that I dare to believe is already almost mine. We will live forever in bright sunny glowing lands. Who cares for dull, dark, dismal England? Have we not youth, wealth, and oh, blessed word! love! Before my love and me lie years and years of sweetness and joy. Shake off black gloom and be merry, Basil North. You have conquered fate!

We have passed St. Sebastian. The sluggish train is wearily winding up the valley of the Urumea. We are in wild and glorious scenery. The railway is carried at a great elevation from which we get now and again peeps of far away valleys. Yes, I could now find time to admire the wonderful scenery which lasted until we passed Miranda.

My mood changed with the country. I laughed, I jested. Each of the many stations at which we stopped furnished materials for my new born merriment. I laughed at the solemn looking Spanish railway officials, and drew pictures of the doleful fate of imaginary noble born hidalgos whom poverty forced to descend to such employment. I grumbled not at the slowness of the train, although an ordinary traveler might well when on a Spanish line sigh for the comparatively lightning speed of the much maligned French trains. Time was nothing to me now. Was there not a lifetime stretching before me—and Philippa! My gayety was contagious. My mother laughed until the tears came, and Philippa smiled as I had not seen her smile since we picked up under such sad circumstances the long dropped thread of friendship.

Those who have travelled in Spain will scarcely credit me when I say we had the compartment to ourselves. We were troubled by no cloaked Spaniard who, as is the wont of his kind, insisted upon smoking like a furnace and keeping both windows shut. Our noble courier had been given his instructions. His arguments were sound, and had I troubled about money I should have found them costly. But they carried the point, and no one intruded on our privacy.

The hours went by. My mother slept, or pretended to sleep. I seated myself near Philippa, and whispered words of thinly veiled love. She answered them not—I expected no answer—but her eyes were downcast and her cheek was blushing. She sighed. A sad smile played around her sweet mouth—a smile that spoke of a world of regret. That sigh, that smile, told me that she understood me, but told me also that, ah! it could never be. The past never forgiven! But all the same she let her hand rest in mine, and although, considering what had happened, I scarcely dare to say so, for once, for many, many miles, I was all but happy.

For me that journey ended only too soon. At night we reached Burgos, the capital of the old Castilian kingdom, and I laid my head on my pillow and enjoyed sleep such as I had not known since the night before that one when Philippa, with the snowflakes falling around her, stood outside the window of my cottage and gave me something to live for—something to hope for!

CHAPTER IX.

SAFE—AND LOVED.

Now that we are safe in Spain, now that Philippa's arrest is a matter of impossibility and her expulsion from a country so lax in its observance of international obligations highly improbable when her guilt can at the utmost be only suspected, if indeed suspicion ever points to her, I may pass rapidly over the events of the next two months, the more so as my record of them would differ very little from the description of an ordinary tour in Spain. To me after the feverish anxiety, the horrible dread as to what any hour might bring forth which had characterized our flight from England, it seemed something very much like bathos, my dropping at once into the position of the everyday tourist taking a couple of ladies on a round of travel, but for the time I was outwardly neither more nor less.

From Burgos we went to Valladolid, from Valladolid to Madrid—Madrid, the high perched city, with its arid, uninteresting surroundings and abominable climate. Not long did we linger here. Bad and trying as the English winter may be, the cold of Madrid is a poor exchange for it. I had almost thrown aside the assumed character of an invalid, but I felt it would be the height of inconsistency, after forcing my companions to accompany me in search of warmth, to make any stay in the Spanish capital. Right glad I was to leave it, and turn my face southward. Philippa was by now in apparently good health both bodily and mental, but while at Madrid I trembled for her as I should tremble for any one I loved who made that city a resting place—a city swept from end to end by crafty, treacherous icy winds blowing straight from the Guadarrama mountains, insidious blasts in which lurk the seeds of consumption and death.

So at our leisure we went southward, halting at such places and seeing such sights as we thought fit, lingering here and there just so long as it suited us, travelling by easy stages and in such comfort as we could command. At Malaga we spent weeks revelling in the balmy air. At Granada we were days and weeks before we could tear ourselves away from the interesting, absorbing glories of the departed Moor. We were in a new world—a world which I had always longed to see. At last—it was just at the end of April, when the land was full of roses, when vegetation was bursting into that rich luxuriance unknown in the northern lands—we turned our steps to the city on which I had in my own mind fixed upon as the end of our wanderings, the half Spanish, half Moorish, but wholly beautiful city of Seville. Brilliant, romantic Seville, with its flower-decked houses, its groves of orange and lemon trees, its luxuriant gardens, its [illegible] narrow streets, its Moorish walls, its numerous towers, all of which sink into insignificance under the shadow of the lofty Giralda. All I wanted seemed to be here.

Here was everything for the sake of seeking which I had professed to leave foggy England—sun, warmth, color, brightness. Here I thought if in any place in the world will the one I love forget what she knows of the cruel past. Here it may be our new life shall begin.

Glorious, wonderful Seville. The magic charm of the place fell on my companions as it falls upon me, as indeed it falls upon all who visit it. By common consent we arranged to stay our course for an indefinite time. Perhaps by now we all felt that we [illegible] and wanted some place which might bear the name of home. [illegible] such things are [illegible] easy to find I hired a furnished house [illegible].

From the narrow street—[illegible] to Seville—past the [illegible] gate into a space [illegible] the Spaniards call the patio, a courtyard [illegible] the gayly colored awning [illegible] fragrant to the [illegible] with the perfume of [illegible] and [illegible] walls [illegible] central fairy and—fairyland—which for many months of the year is the [illegible] part of the house used in the [illegible] hours by the Sevillans. All this was a garden not large but exquisite, full of the rarest and choicest blossoms and flowers [illegible] foggy England [illegible] beautiful Seville!

With such surroundings—almost those of a Sybarite—who can blame me for being lulled into security, [illegible] and for telling myself that my troubles were nearly at an end? Who can wonder at the castles I built as hour after hour I lounged in the *patio* with its fragrant, southern atmosphere and gazed at Philippa's beautiful face, and now and again meeting her dark eyes, and sometimes surprising in their thoughtful depths a look which thrilled my heart—a look which I told myself was a look of love?

True that often and often in my sleep I saw the white dead face with the snowflakes [illegible] over it. True that often [illegible] Philippa's wild cry, "The wages of sin—on, on, on," rang through my dream and I awoke trembling in every limb. But in the daytime in the midst of the sweet [illegible] I could almost banish every memory, every thought which strove to lead me back to grief and horror.

The days, each one sweeter than its forerunner, passed by. Each day was passed with Philippa. We wandered for hours through the marvellous gardens of the Alcazar; we drove under the shading trees of Las Delicias; we made excursions to Italica and other places which the guide-book tells you every visitor to Seville should see, but I think we found in the ordinary sights, which were at our very door, as much pleasure as in any of the stock shows. We loved to watch the people. We delighted in the picturesque, ragged looking, black-eyed Andalusian boy rascals who played and romped at every street corner. We noticed the exquisitely graceful figures of the Sevillanas. I moreover noted that the most graceful of these figures could not be compared to Philippa's own. We strolled up the awning-roofed Calle de las Sierpes, and laughed at the curious windowless little shops. Everything was so strange, so bright, so teeming with old world tradition, so full of intense interest, that no wonder I could for the time send painful memories to the background.

And Philippa? Although there were times when her face grew sad with sad remembrances, although at times her eyes sought mine with that troubled inquiring look, although I trembled as to what might be the question which I seemed to see her lips about to form, I did not, could not believe she was entirely unhappy. The smile—a quiet, thoughtful one, yet a smile—was oftener seen on her face. It came now of its own accord. More and more certain I grew that, if nothing recalled the past, or I should say if nothing filled the blank so mercifully left, of that one night, the hour was not far distant when my love would call herself happy. Oh to keep that fatal knowledge from her forever!

Such was my life. So in calm and peace, all but happiness, the days passed by until the hour came when for the third time I dared to tell Philippa that I loved her, to tell her so with the certainty of hearing her re-echo my words. Yes, certainty. Had I not for many days seen her eyes grow brighter, the grave thoughtful look leave her face, her whole manner change when I drew near? Such signs as these told me that the crowning moment of my life was at hand.

Here for one moment I pause. I scorn to excuse myself for wishing to marry a woman who had been, or supposed herself to have been, the innocent victim of a scoundrelly man of the world. I have nothing in common with those who think such an excuse is needed. Mrs. Wilson's statement that the marriage was valid might be true or false. It gave me the impression that it was true, and I believed that Philippa could lay claim to bear the man's accursed name. But whether she was Lady Ferrand, or a trusting woman betrayed, for my own sake I cared little. She was Philippa!

As to my intention of marrying, my one wish to marry a woman who, in her temporary and fully-accounted-for delirium, had killed the man who so cruelly wronged her, I have but this to say. My tale, although I give it to the world, is not written for the purposes of fiction. It is the story of myself—a story which seemed to me worth telling—of a man who loved one woman passionately, blindly, and without consideration. Such was my great love for Philippa that I feel no shame in telling the truth, and saying that had I seen her, in full possession of her senses, level that pistol and shoot her betrayer through his black heart, I should have held that only justice had been done. I should have regretted the act, but nevertheless I would have pleaded for her love as fervently and reverently as I was now about to plead for it.

Once more I say, if you condemn me throw the book aside.

Philippa, with her eyes half closed, was, as was usual at that hour, sitting in the *patio*. In her hand she held a sprig of orange blossoms and ever and anon inhaled its delicious perfume, an action, by the by, scarcely needful as the whole air was redolent of the fragrance thrown from the great tree in the centre of the marble space. She was, or fancied she was, alone, as some little time before I had left the court to obtain a fresh supply of cigarettes, and my mother, who could never quite adapt herself to the semi open-air life, was taking a siesta in the drawing room. As I saw Philippa in all her glowing beauty, the white marble against which she leaned making, as it were, a suitable foil to the warm color of her cheek—the long, curved, black, downcast lashes—the bosom rising and falling gently—like an inspiration the thought came to me that in a minute my fate would be decided. Heavens! how could I have waited so long to hear the words which I knew she would say!

I crept noiselessly to her side. I passed my arm round her waist and drew her to me. I whispered words of passionate love in her ear—words, the confidence of which startled me, but then this time I knew that my love of years was to be rewarded.

She did not shrink away, she did not struggle to free herself, but she trembled like a leaf in my embrace. She sighed deeply and hopelessly, and I saw the tears welling in her dark eyes. Closer and firmer I held her and kissed her cheek again and again. Had that moment been my last I should have said that I had not lived in vain.

"Philippa," I whispered, "my queen, my love, tell me you love me at last."

She was silent. The tears broke from her eyes and ran down her cheeks. I kissed the signs of sorrow away.

"Dearest," I said, "it is answer enough that you suffer these kisses, but I have waited so long—been so unhappy—look at me and satisfy me, let me hear you say 'I love you.'"

She turned her tearful eyes to mine, but not for long. She cast her looks upon the ground and was still silent. Yet she lay unresisting in my arms. That, after all, was the true answer.

But I must have it from her lips. "Tell me, I am first—tell me one," I prayed.

Her bosom quivered. Her bosom rose and fell. The flush spread from her cheek and stole down her white neck.

"Yes," she murmured, "now that it is too late I love you."

I laughed a wild laugh. I clasped Philippa to my breast.

"Too late!" I cried. "We may have fifty years of happiness."

"It is too late," she answered. "For your sake I have told you that I love you, Basil. Now I will kiss you once—then loose me and let us say farewell."

"When death closes the eyes of one of us we will say farewell—not until then," I said, as my lips met hers in a long and rapturous kiss.

Then with a sigh she gently but firmly freed herself from my arms. She rose; we [illegible] all this must be forgotten. Say farewell, to-morrow we must part."

"[illegible] our lives henceforth are one."

"It cannot be. Spare me, Basil! You [illegible]."

"Why? Tell me why?"

"Why do you ask? You bear an honored and respected name and I, you know what I am—a shame [illegible]—a wronged woman, it may be, not a shamed one."

"Ah! Basil, in this world when a woman is once wronged and shamed [illegible]. You have been as a brother [illegible] my reason. Be kinder [illegible]"

[illegible] her that I firmly believed she was [illegible]. I had much difficulty in checking the words which were [illegible] my lips. But I dared not speak. I [illegible] that I must tell her of her husband's death, and it might be [illegible].

"Philippa," I said, "the whole happiness of my life, my every desire is centred upon making you my wife. Think, dearest, when I had no right to demand this gift, my life was made desolate; think what it will be when I know you love me and yet refuse to be mine! Have I been true to you, Philippa?"

"Heaven knows you have."

"Then why, now that you love me, refuse me my reward?"

"Oh! spare me. I cannot, I will not give it. Basil, dear Basil, why with your talents should you marry the cast-off—mistress—of Sir Mervyn Ferrand? Why should you blush to show your wife to the world?"

"Blush! The world! What is my world, save you? You are all to me, sweetest. You love me—what more do I want? Before this time next week we will be married."

"Never, never! I will not wrong the man I love. Basil, farewell forever!"

She clasped her hands and fled wildly across the court. I caught her at the door which she had reached and half opened.

"Promise me one thing," I said. "Promise you will wait here until my return. I shall not be five minutes. It is not much to ask, Philippa."

Philippa bent her head as in assent. I passed through the doors, and in a few minutes returned to the *patio*, accompanied by my mother, who glanced from Philippa to me in a surprised way.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with her cheerful smile. "Have you two young people been quarrelling?"

Philippa made no answer. She stood with her fingers interlaced, her eyes cast on the ground.

"Mother," I said, "I have to-day asked Philippa to be my wife. I have told her that all my happiness depends upon her consent to this. I have loved her for years, and at last she loves me. Yes, she loves me."

My mother gave a little cry of pleasure, and stepped forward. I checked her.

"I love her, and she loves me," I continued. "But she refuses to marry me. And why? Because she fears to bring shame on an honorable name. You know her story, you are my mother. You, of all people in the world, should be the most jealous as to the honor of my name. You should know whom you would choose for my wife. Tell her—"

I said no more. My mother advanced with outstretched arms, and in a moment my poor girl was weeping in her embrace, while words which I could not hear, but whose purport I could well guess, were being whispered to her. I had indeed been right in trusting to my mother's noble nature.

"Leave us for a little while, Basil," she said, as Philippa still sobbed upon her shoulder. "Come back in a quarter of an hour's time."

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Have you two young people been quarrelling?"

I turned away, went past the screen which is sometimes put up to insure privacy, out of the iron gate, into the narrow street. I watched the lounging, dignified-looking men and the dark eyed women who went by, I looked at the merry urchins at play, and, after what seemed an interminable quarter of an hour, returned to learn how my gentle counsel had succeeded with my suit.

My mother and Philippa were sitting with their arms around each other. Philippa, as I entered the *patio*, raised her eyes to mine with a look of shy happiness. My mother rose and took the girl by the hand.

"Basil," she said, "I have at last been able to persuade her that you and I, at least, rise above the conventionalities of what is called the world. I have told her that, knowing all I know, I see nothing to prevent her from being your wife. I have told her that simply for her own sweet sake I would rather see you marry her than any woman in the world. And, Basil, I fancy I have made her believe me."

With her soft eyes full of maternal love my mother kissed me and left the court. I opened my arms to close them round the fairest woman in the world, and all the earth seemed bright and glorious to me. My great love had conquered!

And yet, even in that moment of bliss, my thoughts involuntarily flew away to a snow heaped road in England—to a white drift, under which for days and days a ghastly object had once been lying. A dream! a dream! It must have been a fearful dream. Forget it, Basil North, and be happy in the happiness you have at last won!

CHAPTER X.

THE SWORD FALLS.

Once conquered—once convinced that the obstacles which her solicitude for my welfare raised against my wish were not insuperable—Philippa offered no further resistance, while as for me every day that might be counted before I called her my wife seemed a day spoiled, if not entirely wasted. With my mother's arguments to back my own fervent persuasion, I had no difficulty in winning Philippa's consent to our marriage taking place as soon as the needful formalities could be complied with. And yet, although the day was fixed, it was at my instance changed, and the ceremony postponed for awhile.

My reason for deferring my crowning happiness was this. Knowing all that I know, the question arose under what name was Philippa to be married? Under her own maiden name, under the false name which for some time Sir Mervyn Ferrand, for reasons best known to himself, had made her assume, or under that name which, supposing Mrs. Wilson had spoken the truth, she was legally entitled to bear? So anxious, so resolved was I that there should be no shadow of doubt as to the validity of her second and happier marriage that after due consideration I determined to sacrifice my own inclination, and postpone our wedding long enough to give me time to pay a flying visit to England, where I could do my best to obtain such evidence as would show that Philippa was the dead man's widow.

I made the excuse that I found many matters of business connected with my property must be attended to before I could be married. I travelled to England—to Liverpool—as fast as I could. I stayed there for a week, and during that time made full researches into the life and death of a woman who, as Mrs. Wilson said, had died on a certain date and been buried under the name of Lucy Ferrand.

The information I acquired as to her antecedents is of no consequence to my story. Whatever her faults may have been, her history was a sad one; indeed it seemed to me that the history of any woman who had been cursed by Sir Mervyn Ferrand's love was a sad one. However the result of my investigations was, in short, this. Ferrand had married the woman many years ago. They had parted by mutual consent. With his cynical carelessness he had troubled no more about her, and stranger still, she had not troubled him. She died on the date given by my informant. The question of identity could be easily settled, so that if ever Philippa chose to claim the rights appertaining to Sir Mervyn Ferrand's widow she would have no difficulty in making that claim good. But I trusted that years might pass before she learned that the man was dead.

I kept my presence in England known to no one. In fact I felt that in returning to my native country I ran a certain amount of risk. For all I knew to the contrary there might be a warrant out against me. If suspicion as to the author of that night's work had in any way been directed to Philippa, the partner of her flight could not hope to escape free. However I comforted myself by thinking that if danger menaced us I should have heard something about it, as after our first hurried start I had made no attempt to conceal our whereabouts. It would have been useless. My mother had friends in England with whom she exchanged letters. I had an agent and lawyers with whom, if only for financial reasons, I was bound to correspond. I had been obliged to write to my stolid William, and instruct him to get rid of the cottage as best he could, and to look out for a fresh place for himself. But all the same I did not care to let it be known that I was now in England.

While engaged upon raking up evidence on Philippa's behalf I did not neglect to make such inquiries as I could respecting the event which had happened that night near Roding. I found that, so far as the general public knew, the crime was still veiled in mystery. No one had been arrested, no one had been accused, no reason for the deed had been discovered, and as yet suspicion pointed to no one. Indeed, in spite of the hundred pounds reward offered by government, it seemed that Sir Mervyn Ferrand's murder was relegated to swell the list of undiscovered crimes. By this I knew that Mrs. Wilson had kept her promise of silence, and now that months had gone by, now that public attention had been turned from the thrilling affair; now that Philippa seemed as far or farther than ever from giving any token which suggested the awakening of recollection of what her wrong, her frenzy, had prompted her hand to do unknowingly, I dared to hope that any chance which remained of a revelation of the truth was reduced to a minimum. These results of my investigations and inquiries gave me immense relief and my heart was all but gay as, armed with the proofs of the first Lady Ferrand's death, I hurried back to Seville, Philippa, and the happiness which I vowed should be mine.

We were married. Philippa and I were married! Married, and a few months ago I sat lonely, miserable and heart-broken, deeming that the one I loved was lost to me forever! What matters the things which have filled those months, and made them the most painful of my life! To-day we are man and wife, joined together till death us do part!

I said no word as to the result of my inquiries in Liverpool. I had no difficulty in persuading Philippa, who in some things was as simple and trusting as a child, that it was necessary or at least advisable she should be married under the name which her first certificate of marriage afforded to bestow upon her. She signed her name for the last time, for aught I know, have also been the first time, as Philippa Ferrand, and I noticed that she shuddered as she formed the letters.

Although my bride was by birth half a Spaniard, and although I had by now in many ways conformed to the Spanish mode of life, we were still English enough to look upon going away somewhere for a honeymoon as indispensable. It would be but a short trip, and as my mother in our absence would be left at Seville alone, or with the servants only, we did not care to go very far away. It so happened that, although so close to Cadiz, we had not yet paid that town a visit, and thought the present a capital opportunity for so doing.

To Cadiz we went and stayed several days at the Hotel de Paris. We liked the white walled town, rising and shining above the dark blue sea, like, as I have somewhere seen it described, a white pearl in a crown of sapphires, or, as the Gaditanos call it, *taza de plata*, a silver cup. We liked the rows of tall terrace topped houses. We liked the movement and bustle on the quays and in the port. We liked the walks on the broad granite ramparts, and the lovely view of the busy bay and country beyond it, but all the same we agreed that Cadiz bore no comparison to our beautiful Seville, and the sooner we returned to that gay city the better.

Now that I had gained my desire, was I happy? After all that had passed, could I have been happy during those early days of our wedded life? As I look back upon them I sit and muse, trying in vain to answer the question to my own satisfaction. Philippa loved me—she was my wife, come good, come evil, she was mine forever. In so much I was happy, supremely happy. Could I have lived but for the present my bliss would have known no alloy.

But there was the past! I could not altogether forget the path which had led to such happiness as now was mine. I could be thankful that I alone knew all the horror and dangers with which that path was studded. I alone knew the secret of that one night. Although I could keep it forever, would it be always a secret?

Yes, and there was the future. Behind the happiness which was mine at present lurked a dread as to what the future had in store for me—for us. It was a dread which day by day grew stronger. The greater my happiness the more dreadful the thought of its being wrecked. The feeling that my house of joy was built upon sand was always obtruding on my most blissful hours, and not, I know, without good reasons.

Philippa's very avoidance of speaking of her past life lent some justification to my gloomy forebodings. Not once did Sir Mervyn Ferrand's name pass between my wife and me. Not once did she ask me for any further particulars concerning the events of that night upon which, in the height of her short lived mania, she reached my cottage. True that upon becoming my wife, and beginning a new and happier stage of life, it might be but natural for her to wish to consign to oblivion the wrong, the shame, the suffering wrought by a villain's craft, yet I was so mixed up in the catastrophe that silence on the subject seemed strange. Her reticence alarmed me. I fancied it must be caused by some vague uneasiness connected with that night—some doubt which she dared not seek to set at rest. It is, I know, not unusual for women, after their recovery from that mysterious disease which had for awhile driven my poor girl distraught, to be able to recall and accurately describe the delusions which had afflicted them during those wandering hours. I myself had in one or two cases noticed this peculiarity, and the authorities which I had studied during Philippa's illness mention it as an indisputable fact. My great dread was that at some moment, perhaps when our happiness was as perfect as it could be, some simple chance, some allusion to certain events, even the bare mention of a name, might supply the missing link, and the fearful truth would be revealed to my wife.

Our return journey to Seville was made by water. Although the Guadalquivir is not a very interesting river, we thought that travelling by steamer would be a pleasant change from the journeys in the hot stuffy, slow trains, full from end to end with the odor of garlic and tobacco. So early one morning we left Cadiz, and were soon steaming up the dull, sluggish, turbid river with the great flat stretches of swamp land on either hand.

There were not many passengers on board the steamer. The boat itself was a wretched affair and before an hour was over we wished we had chosen the train as a mode of transit. Mile after mile of the level deserted land through which the river flows passed by and presented no objects of interest greater than herds of cattle or flights of aquatic birds. Save that Philippa was by my side, it was the dullest journey I ever made.

Of course there were English tourists on board, no spot is complete without them. Two of them, young men, and apparently gentlemen, had seated themselves near us and after the usual admiring glances at my beautiful Philippa, commenced a desultory talk with each other.

From the unrestrained way in which they spoke, and from the strength of some of their unfavorable comments on the scenery or lack of scenery, it was clear that they took us for natives, before whom they could speak without being understood. Philippa of course looked a thorough Spaniard, and my own face had become so tanned by the sun that I might have been of any nationality.

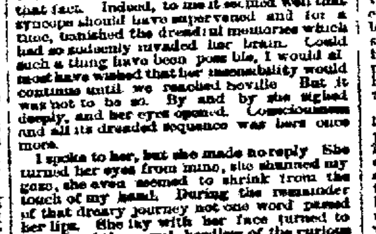
The young fellows chatted on quite oblivious to the fact that two of their neighbors understood every word they spoke. For some time I listened with great amusement, then the lulling motion of the steamer, the sluggish muddy flow of the stream, the monotonous banks past which we stole, exercised a soporific effect upon me, and I began to doze and dream.

Through my dreams I heard a name, a hated name, spoken clearly and distinctly. I started and opened my eyes. Philippa's head was stretched forward as if she was intent upon catching some expected word spoken by another.

"Sir Mervyn Ferrand," I heard one of our fellow-voyagers repeat. "Yes, I remember him—tall, good looking man. Where is he now? He was a bad lot."

"Surely you read or heard about it?" said his companion in a tone of surprise.

I touched my wife's arm. "Come away, Philippa," I said.



I touched my wife's arm. "Come away, Philippa," I said.

She made a motion of dissent. Again I urged her. She shook her head pettishly.

"Ah! I forgot where you have been for months," said the second tourist, laughing, "out of the pale of civilization and newspapers. Well, Ferrand was murdered—shot dead."

"Philippa, dearest, come, I implore you," I whispered.

It was too late! The look on her face told me that nothing would now move her—nothing. She would hear the dreadful truth, told perhaps with distorted details. I groaned inwardly. The moment I had so long dreaded had come. If I dragged her away by force—if I interrupted the speakers—what good could it do? She had heard enough. She would force me to tell her the rest. I could only pray that she would in no way associate herself with the man's death.

"Murdered! Poor fellow! Who murdered him?" I heard the first speaker say.

"No one knows. He was shot dead on a country roadside just as that fearful snow storm of last winter began. It seems almost incredible, but the snow drifted over him, and until it melted the crime was not discovered. In the interval the murderer had, of course, got clean away."

"Poor devil! I never heard any good of him, but what an end!"

I was not looking at the speakers. I was noting every change in my wife's face. I saw the color fly from her cheek. I saw her lips and throat working convulsively, as though she was trying to articulate. I saw her dark brows contract as in anguish. I knew that she was clasping her hands together, as was her way when agitated. Suddenly she turned her eyes to mine, and in her eyes was a look of horror which told me that the very worst had come to pass—that the dread which had haunted me was realized! Then, with a low moan she sank white and senseless on my shoulder.

Though in a whirl of despair, I believe that I assumed a kind of mechanical calm. I seem to remember that the two English tourists offered their assistance, that, as we bore Philippa to an extemporized couch in the shadiest and coolest place we could find, I smiled, and attributed my wife's fainting fit to the heat of the sun, the smell of engines, or something of that kind. Little did those young men guess what their chance words had wrought. Little could they think that in speaking of Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death they had, perhaps, wrecked the happiness of two lives. My heart was full of grief and fear, but I believe I bore myself bravely.

In spite of such restoratives as we could administer, Philippa's swoon lasted for a considerable time. I troubled little about that fact. Indeed, to me it seemed well that syncope should have supervened and for a time banished the dreadful memories which had so suddenly invaded her brain. Could such a thing have been possible, I would almost have wished that her insensibility would continue until we reached Seville. But it was not to be so. By and by she sighed deeply, and her eyes opened. Consciousness and all its dreaded sequence was here once more.

I spoke to her, but she made no reply. She turned her eyes from mine, she shunned my gaze, she even seemed to shrink from the touch of my hand. During the remainder of that dreary journey not one word passed her lips. She lay with her face turned to the side of the vessel, heedless of the curious glances from fellow-passengers, heedless of all my whispered words of love, heedless of all save her own thoughts—thoughts which led her, I trembled to picture whither.

Through all those long sultry hours, while the wretched steamboat plowed its way up the brown muddy stream, I sat beside her, trying to find some way out of our sorrow. Alas! every road was stopped by the impassable obstacle of Philippa's knowledge of what she had done. For she knew it, I was certain. That look in her eyes had told me so much. The duration of her insanity had been so short that I could gather no comfort from the fact that by some merciful arrangement maniacs who recover their ordinary senses are troubled little by the deeds they have done in their moments of madness. I felt that in my wife's case my only hope was to endeavor by argument to bring her to my own way of thinking; that is, to consider herself unaccountable by any law, human or divine, for her actions at the time. But I doubted if her sensitive, impulsive nature could ever be induced to take this view of her act. I doubted, had she not been the woman I loved with a passionate love, if I could have quite absolved her from the crime, with the remembrance of her words, "Basil, did you ever hate a man?" still with me.

Yet, strange anomaly, I would, in fair fight, of course, have shot that man through the heart and have gloried in the deed. But then Philippa was a woman, and had she not been the woman I loved I might have shrunk from the one who, even in her madness, was urged to take such fearful vengeance.

I smiled bitterly as I thought how a chance breath of wind had tumbled my house of cards to the ground. I smiled almost triumphantly as I told myself that, come what might—misery—shame—death—I had won and held for a week the one desire of my life. Nothing could deprive me of that memory.

Home at last! Still silent, or answering my questions by monosyllables, Philippa was brought by me to our once happy house in Seville. My mother [illegible] welcome on her [illegible] of the *patio* ready to receive us. As she saw her a kind of shiver ran through my poor love's frame. She let my mother embrace and caress her without any display of reciprocal affection.

"Philippa is ill," I said, in explanation. "I will take her to her room."

I led her to the apartment which my mother had in our absence fitted up for us. It was gay and beautiful with flowers, and there were many other careful little evidences of the hearty welcome which was waiting us. Philippa noticed nothing. I closed the door and turned toward my wife.

She looked at me with those wondrous dark eyes, which seemed to search my very soul. "Basil," she said, in a low, solemn voice, "tell me—tell me the truth. What had I done that night?"

CHAPTER XI.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

It was over! She knew! The hope which may have buoyed my spirits that Philippa's agitation at learning of Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death was but due to the fact that she once loved the man entirely vanished. I could see no loophole of escape, no possibility of persuading her that she was fancying horrors which had never taken place. Moreover, although I would have given my life to have saved her from the knowledge of this thing, I could not meet the eyes of her I loved, and lie to her.

I did indeed, if but for the sake of gaining time, attempt to stammer out some evasive answer, but she interrupted me before I had spoken five words.

"Why do I ask?" she echoed. "I know it all—all—all! In dreams it has come to me—the whitened road—the dull, dead face—the whirling snow! In dreams I have stood over him, and said to myself, 'He is dead!' But, Basil, my love, my husband, I thought it was but a dream. I drove it away. I said 'It must be a dream. I hated him, and so I dreamed that I killed him.' Basil, dearest Basil, tell me, if you can, that I dreamed it."

Her voice sank into accents of piteous entreaty. She looked at me yearningly.

"Dearest, it must have been a dream," I said.

She threw out her arms wildly. "No, no, it was no dream. Even now I see myself standing in the night over that motionless form. I can feel the cold air on my cheek. I can see myself flying through the snow. Basil, I hated that man and I killed him!"

The tears were streaming down my cheeks. I seized her hands and strove to draw her to me. She tore herself from my grasp, and throwing herself wildly on the bed, broke into a paroxysm of sobs. As I approached her she turned her head from me.

"I killed him! killed him!" she whispered in awe-struck tones. "Oh, that fearful night! It has haunted me ever since. I know not why. Now I know! He wronged me, and I killed him! killed him!"

I placed my arm around her neck and my cheek against hers. As she felt my touch she started up wildly.

"No, no!" she cried. "Touch me not! Shun me! Shrink from me! Basil, do you hear? Do you understand? I have murdered a man!"

Once more she threw herself on the bed, her whole frame quivering with anguish.

"A shamed—a ruined woman!" she muttered. "A villain's forsaken toy, and now a murderess. You have chosen your wife well, Basil!"

"Sweetest, I love you," I whispered.

"Love me! How can you love me? Such love is not holy. If you love me, aid me to die, Basil! Give me something that will kill me! Why did you save my life?"

"Because I loved you, then, as I love you now."

She was silent, and I hoped was growing calmer. I was but waiting for the first shock of her newly-born knowledge to pass away in order to reason with her, and show her that by every moral law she was guiltless of this fearful crime. Suddenly she turned to me.

"How did I kill him?" she said, with a shudder.

"Dearest, rest. We will talk again presently."

"How did I kill him?" she repeated with vehemence.

"He was found shot through the heart," I answered, reluctantly.

"Shot through his heart—his wicked heart! Shot by me! How could I have shot him? With what? Basil, tell me all, or I shall go mad! I will not have the smallest thing concealed. I will know all!"

"He was shot with a pistol."

"A pistol! a pistol! How did I come by it? Where is it?"

"I threw it away."

"You! Then you knew?"

I bowed my head. I felt that concealment was useless. She must know all.

I told her everything. I told her how she had promised to come to me, how, as she did not keep that promise, I went in search of her. I told her how she had swept past me in the snow storm, how I had overtaken her. I repeated her wild words, and told her how the fatal weapon had fallen at my feet, and how I had on the impulse of the moment, hurled it away into the night; how she had broken away from me, and fled down the lonely road; how, excited and terrified by her words, I had gone on to learn their meaning; how I had found the body of Sir Mervyn Ferrand; how, without thought of concealing the deed, I had laid the dead man by the roadside; how I had rushed home and found her, Philippa, waiting for me, and in the full height of temporary insanity. I told her all this, and I swore that from the moment I discovered that her senses had gone astray I held her, although she had done so dreadful a deed, as innocent of crime as when she slept, a babe, on her mother's breast.

She listened to me with fixed, dilated eyes. She interrupted me neither by word nor gesture, but when I had finished speaking she covered her face with her hands, and great tears trickled through her fingers. "No hope! No hope!" she cried. "Oh, Basil, I dared to hope that something you would tell me would show me it was not my hand which did this thing! My love, my own love, we have been so happy, while I could persuade myself all this was a dream! We shall be happy no more, Basil!"

Although she still shrank from me, by force I drew her to me, and laid that poor head on my shoulder. I stroked the smooth black silky hair, I kissed the white forehead, and used every endearing and soothing expression that love such as mine could suggest. In vain! The moment I loosened my hold my wife fled from my side.

"Basil," she cried, "you knew it! You knew the blood of a man was on my hands! Again I say such a love is not holy!"

"Dearest, again I tell you that in my eyes—if the truth were known, in the eyes of all—you are innocent as a babe."

She shook her head hopelessly. I saw that nothing at present could move her. Perhaps it was more than I had a right to expect. So for the time I gave up arguing. I begged her for my sake to retire to rest. I gave her a soothing draught. I sat by her for hours, and held her hand, until at last her eyelids fell, and, worn out by grief, she slept.

Oh, how right I had been in choosing flight! Although a cursed chance had revealed what I fondly hoped would be forever buried in oblivion, how right I had been! Had the hands of justice grasped my sweet wife, although she might no doubt have been found guiltless, the trial, the exposure, would have killed her. Thank heaven, she was safe, and amenable only to the tribunal of her own sensitive conscience!

When I heard her breathing grow regular and I knew that she was in a deep sleep, I pressed my lips gently to her fair cheek and left her. I went in search of my mother, and made the best tale I could think of to account for Philippa's indisposition. I forced myself to wear a smiling face, and to listen with a show of interest to the account my mother gave me of certain difficulties which had during my absence arisen with some of the native servants. But there was nothing which could really interest me when I thought of my poor love lying there sleeping, to wake, alas! to sorrow and remorse.

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

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Advertisements are published at the rate of 15 cents per nonpareil line of space for one insertion, 10 cents for two, and 25 cents for three insertions. Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application. Executors' and administrators' notices $2 50 each, or six insertions. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, $5 per year. Local notices ten cents per line for first and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free. All communications should be addressed to
E. ROGERS.
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa. Jan 30, 1885.

A CORRECTION.

In our last week's issue we said "A leading democratic member of the legislature told the writer of this, that he was first amused then disgusted at portions of the message. He also said, this man (referring to the governor) seems to delight in humiliating those who placed him where he is."

The gentleman referred to was introduced to us on a railroad train, and we understood he was a member of the lower house. We have since learned that he was not and as we have no disposition to misstate any fact in reference to the matter we make this correction.

WHOSE OX?

The editor of our nearest democratic contemporary devoted considerable space last week in a dissertation on the duty of county officers in dispensing the printing patronage of the county. He details a conversation which he claims passed between ex-Treasurer Brennan and himself in reference to the publication of the sales during the former's term. After considerable persuasion on the part of Brennan the editor was induced to *permit* the sales to be advertised in two republican and two democratic papers. The republican publishers then were indebted to Mr Brennan and to him solely for the patronage they received at that time. We would hardly expect any different action on the part of that gentleman for he knew that a good many republican votes were cast for him which if he had not received he would not have been treasurer. As an honorable gentleman he did what he believed to be right in spite of the editor's protestations.

But the democratic editor's powers of persuasion were more potent with Mr Brennan's successor, as the result proved. We heard at the time that Mr Melvin had no personal objections to publishing the sales in the MINER, but he yielded to the persistent requirements of Smethport democrats who objected to his so doing. From his own admission we are led to believe that the editor 'round the corner' was the man who did that job, and although it is a little late we congratulate him on his success.

If now he is fed with the same fodder that he insisted upon feeding others why should he whine? It makes all the difference in the world "whose ox is being gored."

INFAMOUS.

We copy the following from the last *Democrat*:

"We notice by the Wellsboro *Agitator* that Rev. G. H. Ball of Buffalo, is announced to deliver a lecture in that place on the Presidency and the Presidents. If this is the foul mouthed old slanderer who figured so disgracefully in the late presidential campaign the good people of Wellsboro should not be slow in getting a good supply of tar and buzzard feathers together with which to anoint him the minute he sets foot on their soil."

It hardly seems credible that such sentiments could be found in any reputable journal of the country so long after the election. The opponents of Mr Cleveland have been willing to cover his sins of immorality with the mantle of charity, since it has been decided that he is to be the president of the United States for four years to come. They do not care to refer any more to that disagreeable subject. But when those journals who advocated his election, exhibit such fiendishness toward one of the ablest and most respectable divines of western New York, for no other reason than because he was somewhat instrumental in unearthing the licentiousness of the incoming president, then it is time that the moral element of the country should speak out in defense of what belongs to decency.

Mr Cleveland's moral character was well known all through this section of Pennsylvania and western New York before he was nominated for the presidency. When subsequent revelations came out it caused no surprise on the part of hundreds of men in this section of country. Neither he or his friends ever attempted to disprove the allegations, virtually admitting them to be true. Would it not be wise for them to keep quiet on that subject now? It would seem that such a course would be advisable, but they must cease publishing such articles as the foregoing, if that is their desire. Mr Ball has his friends, and they comprise an immense majority of the people of the north, and those friends will stand by him to the bitter end.

JAMES H LAMBERT, Esq., of the *Philadelphia Times*, one of the most accomplished journalists of this country, was elected president of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association at its annual meeting in Harrisburg on the 21st inst. A more satisfactory selection could not have been made.

A HALF BAKED specimen of humanity, who runs a one-horse paper over in Wellsboro, refers to the editor of this paper as follows: "This same Rogers was the principal competitor of Rev. Ball, of Buffalo, in the mud-slinging campaign against Cleveland." Of course he was, and he would repeat the dose if he had a chance. He rather glories over his part in that campaign.

THE APPORTIONMENTS.

There is a strong disposition on the part of the republican members of the legislature, to pass the bills which were insisted upon by the republicans at the extra session of the last legislature. If this course is adopted and pressed to an early conclusion, it will undoubtedly meet with the hearty approval of republicans throughout the state. There were features in the McCracken congressional apportionment bill which were not altogether satisfactory, and which were not concurred in by a great many republicans. One was in continuing the Randall district in Philadelphia. It is and has been for twenty five years, the worst gerrymandered district in the state. It runs from the navy yard on the south to Kensington on the north and takes in the Delaware river front for miles. It embraces within its limits a large bulk of the slums of the city, and by a wonderfully zig zag course its boundary lines leave out all the respectable localities, which otherwise would endanger the democratic supremacy which has reigned supreme in the district so many years. By cutting the city into compact and contiguous districts from east to west, there would be no possibility of a democrat representing a single Philadelphia district in congress. But it seems to be the determination to give the democrats that district and pass the old bill. That would show consistency on the part of the republicans and probably is the wisest thing for them to do. It is very likely that any bill passed by this legislature will be vetoed, but there is only one course for the republicans to pursue, and that is to go to work and pass their apportionment bills as early as possible, and let the responsibility of their becoming laws lie where it belongs.

If the congressional bill passes which was insisted upon at the last session this congressional district will be composed of Cameron, Potter McKean, Warren and Venango counties. The senatorial district will be composed of McKean and Cameron counties, and McKean will have two members in the lower house.

WORK BEFORE THEM.

In the formation of the committees of the legislature our senator and representative have been assigned positions on some of the most important committees of the two houses.

Senator Emery is chairman of New Counties and County Seats and a member of Education, Banks and Legislative Apportionment. This last committee has the formation of the senatorial and representative districts of the state, and we are of the opinion that the republicans of McKean county can rest secure that they will get all they are entitled to under any bill that becomes a law.

Mr Rose is a member of the following committees: Judiciary Local, Vice and Immorality, Counties and Townships and Insurance. The Judiciary Local is one of the hardest worked committees of the house, and all matters relating to licenses and liquor selling are considered by the committee on Vice and Immorality.

A Second-Hand President's Carriage.

Carp's Washington Letter to The Cleveland Leader

President Arthur has good carriages, and his turnouts will compare favorably with those of any of his predecessors. A look at the one he rode in yesterday recalled a story they tell of John Tyler, who, it will be remembered, got to the white house through the death of a president elected by the people. Tyler was very fond of a fine turnout, but his pocket was not deep enough to correspond with his tastes. One day one of the leading members of the diplomatic circle was recalled from Washington and his magnificent establishment had to be sold. An important part of this was his carriage, which was at the time the finest by all odds in Washington. Tyler had looked at it many times with longing eyes as its owner had driven it up and down Pennsylvania avenue, and as it had stood now and then in front of the white house. He feared, however, the criticism which was sure to attend the buying or anything by the president at auction, and called his coachman, with whom he was familiar, to advise with him in regard to it. The coachman liked the carriage, and was anxious that Mr Tyler should buy it. "But, Pat," said Tyler "what will the world say at the president's riding in a second hand carriage?"

"Och! your honor," was the reply, "they will say nothing about it at all, at all. You know you are but a second hand president, anyway, and it seems to me nothing could be more fit." Whether the president bought the carriage or not the reports fail to state.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The order for the week in congress has been secret sessions of the senate on treaty questions, and open sessions on inter state commerce, Indian appropriations in the house of representatives, obituary eloquence over deceased members in both the senate and house and discussions in both concerning the Oklahoma lands invasion.

Representative Hurd, of Ohio, made a bold effort to defeat the educational bill by raising a question of constitutional privilege. He asserted that the measure, having originated in the senate, was in violation of the exclusive privilege of the house to originate all bills for raising revenue. He claimed that bills appropriating money were bills for raising revenue. When the senate originated a bill appropriating $100,000,000, he thought the time had arrived for determining the question whether the senate possessed the power which it exercised. His remark that the founders of the government gave the representatives power over the people's money, elicited the applause of members, but the advocates of the educational bill were in the majority. The bill, however, narrowly escaped reference to the judiciary committee, which would have been equivalent to its defeat. Whatever enters the door of the committee room, leaves hope behind. It was rescued from that fate by friendly votes, and will be pressed for consideration. The sentiment of the house, of the senate, of the south, and of the country is in favor of it. The chief justice of the United States, Senator-elect Evarts, and the expected attorney general, Senator Garland, deny that there are any valid constitutional objections in its way. Still, some democratic politicians would like to keep it in the rear until a democratic president can appoint commissioners to distribute the money. In this way they propose to manage, so that the manipulation of the immense sum will be entirely by democratic hands.

"That is the last of the bill" is an expression that is frequently heard in congress in regard to an unpopular measure that been referred to a committee. It is true the bill may never be heard from again, but that is not the last of it by any means. The bill has a course to run. It is not generally known that every bill every report every executive communication in deed, everything that comes before congress is preserved in the original. These relics rest in the catacombs of the capitol and there is a man down there especially charged with preserving them. He gives a receipt for the documents sent him locks himself up, and arranges them in regular order in volumes. Every kind of paper is there. The history of the improvement in paper manufacture can be traced in these volumes from the first session of the continental congress to the present day. One would not think there would be much inquiry for what is contained in the musty old books, but scarcely a day passes without somebody wanting a copy of an original document of years and years ago. People interested in old claims are continually coming to look over the archives with the intention of reviving the mossbacks. People who are writing historical matter are another class who visit the fire proof corridors where legislative lore is stored. The descendants of army and naval officers, and of men prominent in the civil history of the country whose names may be found mentioned in official reports, go there to find their ancestors. The man who prepares original matter for preservation, is a hermit and is only seen two or three times a year by those to whom he delivers his work.

The order of exercises for the dedication of the Washington monument on the 21st of February have been arranged even to the seating of each man in the hall of the house of representatives. There will be a grand stand erected at the base of the monument, some proceedings there and then a procession to the capitol. There will be a prayer, a read oration music a spoken oration and benediction in the hall of the house. On the floor they propose to seat Congress the president the president elect vice president elect and ex presidents the justices of the supreme court cabinet officers army and navy officers justices of the court of claims and of the supreme court of the district of Columbia, the diplomatic corps, ex vice presidents ex senators, commissioners of the district, governors of states and territories besides members and ex members of the monument society engineers of the monument and specially invited guests of the president. R.

Washington, Jan. 26, '85

Why Father O'Reilly Would not Christen a Child "Cleveland."

From the Detroit News.

Several days ago the fact was published that Rev Dr Chas. O'Reilly, of St. Patrick's church, had refused to christen the infant son of John Shanahan, 453 6th street, John "Cleveland" Shanahan on the ground that it was not the custom in the Catholic church to christen infants by other names than those of canonized saints. Dr O'Reilly has now more fully explained his position in the following letter, replying to a communication signed "Catholicus" in the *Free Press*:

To the Editor of the Detroit Free Press:

My attention has been called to a communication in the columns of yesterday's edition of the *Free Press* captioned "consistency" and signed "Catholicus." As I am not a subscriber of the *Free Press* I have seen the article too late to acknowledge it in an earlier issue.

It is not my custom to notice anonymous communications of any description, but the patronage bestowed upon this one by such a paper as the *Free Press* must be taken, I presume, for a guarantee of a certain respectability in the author, which the anonymous character of his communication in nowise affords. It speaks badly for his instincts that he seems desirous of addressing himself to me from behind a fence, but I suppose I should not find fault with nature. If he will come from behind his ill constructed fortification of a *nom de plume* and reveal to my astonished vision the proportions of a man I will cheerfully undertake to give him some of the "light" for which his soul so longeth, and may possibly impart some portion of the "bent" his condition so sadly demands. I will teach him as a first lesson that there is a law of the Catholic church, taking precedence of any "practice," fact or "counsel" that runneth to the contrary—and that is the law of morality—the canon of common decency, and that this law governs the giving of a second name in baptism no less than the first. My own names, first, second and third, in nowise conflict with this canon. If he were up to the requirements of his *nom de plume* he would know that there was enough good in the Ormonds to give a name to an Irish Catholic child "intended for the church," whilst, if the O'Reillys are not found in the Litanies, they have, with the exception of an odd judge or pro-English politician, in the unwritten calendars of a christian people. The distinction between christian and canonized names must be obvious to any one. The canonized names were the names of christian men and women who rendered themselves illustrious by the sanctity of their lives. There is no impropriety in imposing a christian name upon a child save the circumstances create one. I have not hesitated to give a child in baptism the name of Driggs albeit not a Catholic name, I knew him to be a reputable man, a faithful friend, a christian gentleman, deservedly held in high esteem by the christian community in which he lives, by Protestant and Catholic alike. Now, I am sorry to say, that no such honorable distinction attaches to the name of Cleveland in the city where he lives or in the country at large, and if I treated your reporter with some mental reserve on the subject of my refusal to christen the Shanahan child by this name I don't think it ought to have been attributed to "dishonesty" so much as to the delicacy any christian man, not to my priest, must feel, when confronted with a subject of shameful associations. I do not think that because I have baptized children by my own surname—by the names of their reputable neighbors—I am obliged, therefore, in order to maintain my "consistency," to baptize the child of "Catholicus," for instance, "John Brigham Young—Fowler," or "Henry Ward Beecher—Mugwump," or still "Victoria Woodhull—Womanless," if its sex protected it against the menace of the former two. If your "correspondents" must and will have it, Mr. Editor, it is not a question of politics, but of high morals. Does "Catholicus" think the rising generation is not drifting to moral decay fast enough, but we must needs send them forth from the very baptismal fonts, under the auspices of his impure political deities? It is not one of the least of my objections to the democratic party that I had observed the demoralizing influence it almost invariably has exerted over men of my religion and race. It has conducted to the grog shop and gambling hall. It has manufactured from the children of Irish Catholic parents "hoodlums" and "strikers." The subject under agitation affords but another case in point. For, whilst I was not entirely surprised that a semi savage from the "sixth" should so soon after election, carry the "atmosphere" of the ward caucus even into the House of God and endeavor to make himself "solid" with "the boys" at the expense of his unconscious offspring, my religious sensibilities experienced a rude shock at the presentation (in the *Free Press*) of an Irish Catholic wife and mother "crying" and "feeling dreadful bad" because her child was not christened by the name of a self confessed debauchee. Permit me to say in justice to Mrs Shanahan that I do not believe one word of this. I know Mrs. Shanahan for a decent, respectable, domestic, christian woman, whatever Providence may have meant by matching her with such a mate. "Catholicus," "the Shanahans," and company, aided by the peculiar "methods" of the "party," may succeed in coronating vice but when they proceed to confer domestic consecration upon it I beg leave to remind them that the Catholic church is not the place nor will I be the officiating minister. I feel sorry to say these things. I feel keenly the humiliation of having to confess their truth, but if exception be taken to it I beg leave to remind the reader that the "enterprise" of the *Free Press*, and not your humble servant, is responsible for this unwilling reference to the unsavory moral record of the political idol of this unpatriotic hour.

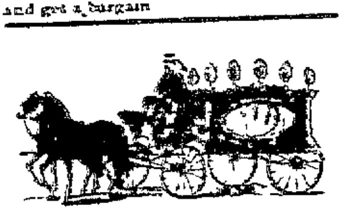
[Rev.] CHARLES ORMOND O'REILLY.
St. Patrick's Detroit Nov 28.

THE Harrisburg *Telegraph* comes out in a strong article in favor of Hon Henry C Greenawalt the present cashier for the republican nomination for state treasurer. This nomination would not only be an exceptionably strong one in central Pennsylvania, but would thoroughly harmonize with the most advanced ideas of civil service reform.

MANY medicines now on the market owe what virtue they possess to the presence of powerful and poisonous drugs. Hunt's [kidney and liver] remedy is purely vegetable and will not injure the feeblest and most delicate person.

HATS AND BONNETS trimmed and untrimmed in every style shape and color can be bought at less than cost at Miss Carson's millinery store. Call at once.

SLAUGHTER of hats and millinery goods has begun at Mrs. Nash's, who has placed on sale her entire stock of hats and other millinery goods, at prices to suit all classes of customers. This sale will continue until they are all disposed of. Call and get a bargain.



Specht & Sasse,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,
Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

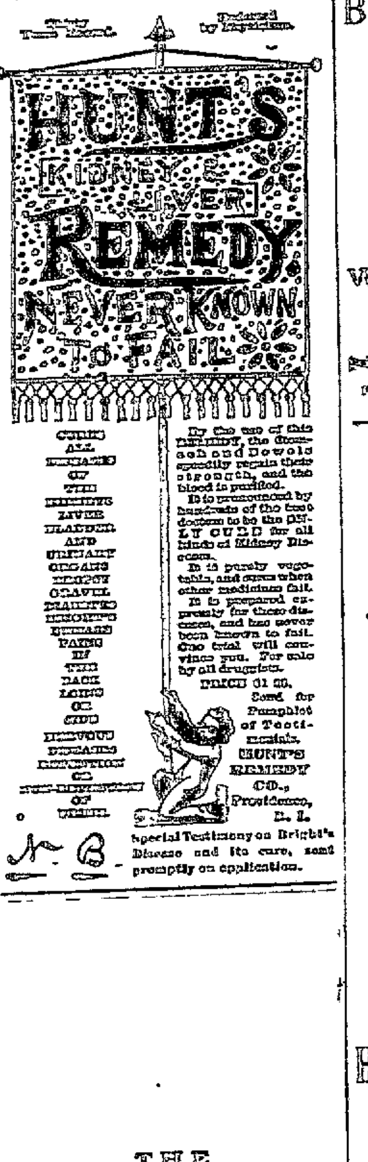
The Best
Meat and Vegetable
MARKET!
—IN—
SMETHPORT
I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with
Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.
—ALSO—
VEGETABLES
IN THEIR SEASON
A FIRST CLASS LINE OF
FAMILY GROCERIES
AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST
A Full Line of
CANNED GOODS
Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.
C. W. WILLIAMS.
Main Street, - - Smethport, Pa.

COLEMAN
Business
COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Occupies three full floors. Largest and Best. More graduates in business than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship $40. Write for circulars. COLEMAN, PALMS & CO. Proprietors.

J. C. HAMLIN.
—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.
CUTLERY,
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,
OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,
SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.
JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.
Customers say that J. C Hamlin sells goods as low, if not LOWER than they can get them in any other store in the county.
SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

SMETHPORT
BAKERY AND GROCERY
A fine variety of Baking constantly on hand.
Always a fine variety of Confectionery.
As fine a variety of Teas and Coffees as can be found in the city, and as cheap as the cheapest.
Butter, Eggs and Cheese constantly on hand, and goods sold cheap for cash.
I am constantly adding Groceries to my stock, which I sell as cheap as can be had in the city.
Give me a call and be convinced.
Goods delivered free to any part of the city.
GEO. E. WOOD, Agt.
Mechanic street, below Wright House. 9-ly

MISCELLANEOUS.



HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE.
By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified. It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases. It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. It is prepared expressly for these diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. For sale by all druggists. PRICE $1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
Special Testimony on Bright's Disease and its cure, sent promptly on application.

THE
REMINGTON
Sewing Machine,
LIKE THE
REMINGTON RIFLE,
UNEXCELLED BY ANY.
Sure to Give Satisfaction.
General Office, Ilion, N. Y.
New York Office, 283 Broadway.
Buying Agents Wanted.

Steam Engines, Clay and Ore Pans Hoisting Engines and Machinery a specialty. Second hand Engines and Boilers on hand. Send for Stock List. THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny City. 1yeow

JEWELRY
of all descriptions.
SILVER-WARE
The Best Made.
POCKET CUTLERY
TOYS,
A Full Assortment.
SPECTACLES
AND
EYE-GLASSES
And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALERS Prices.
I Will match the
'ROCKFORD'
Watches against the world for time and money.
All kinds of
REPAIRING
a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.
Call and See us.
M. L Armstrong,
Main St SMETHPORT, PA

GOOD PAY FOR AGENTS. $100 to $200 per mo made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

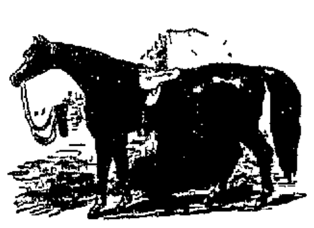
DRUGS
PATENT MEDICINES,
School Books, Blank Books.
Stationery,
Fancy Goods.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT
THE
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
—OF—
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWNELL BROS
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.
AGENT FOR THE
White Sewing Machines
OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all"
Smethport, - Pa.
February 8, 1882. 9-ly

The Largest Merchant Tailoring and Clothing House in America.
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Philadelphia
A full line of card samples of the great piece goods stock will be found with
I. L. ARMSTRONG,
SALES AGENT
Smethport Pa

A PRESENT OF $50.00
—TO—
Horsemen and Farmers.



CENTAURINE!
—THE GREAT—
Cleansing and Healing Compound
Is positively guaranteed to cure the worst case of Scratches, Corks, Sore Necks, Mud Fever, or Wound in any kind on Horse or Man. Centaurine has had a local reputation for twenty years dating back to the fall of '59 when product of petroleum was discovered. This is no advertising dodge. The above $50 00 goes. Ask your druggist what our instructions are in regard to it. Recommend that one and loud in its praise. It costs you nothing if it fails to perform what it is advertised to do. Price 50 cents per bottle.
OUR TONIC LAXATIVE
HORSE POWDER
is a purely vegetable preparation, free from any mineral, and has a local reputation with Centaurine. They are put up in tin cans retaining their medical properties while being used. The only true Tonic and Blood Cleansing Compound in the market. Price 35 cents per box.
Don't forget our
White Pine Petroleum Hoof Ointment
The great assister of nature in softening the hardened and feverish hoofs. Try a package of these valuable preparations and if they don't prove as represented get your present. Price 25 cents per box. Manufactured by
WILSON & GRENEMAN,
Pharmaceutists,
KENDALL CREEK, PA.
For sale at H. C. WILLS Smethport, Pa.

MILK! MILK! MILK!
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally complete, and that on Monday, February 2, he will establish a
NEW MILK ROUTE!
Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.
At 6 Cents a Quart
until Spring when the price will be reduced.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
Wm. Ramer.
Smethport, Pa., Jan 2, 1885-tf.

THE OLD STAND-BY!
I have purchased of Messrs G. B. Moore & Son their Livery business and lease of the Knapp barn on Water street and the Bennett house barn on Main street with stalls for fifty horses.
I have replenished the Livery Department and now have one of the
Largest and Best Equipped
STABLES
In McKean County
With 16 Horses,
New Carriages,
New Harnesses,
And New Robes,
I can furnish my patrons with the best and most complete outfits obtainable in this part of the country. With ample stables for
Boarding & Transcient
Horses.
Also the nicest rooms in town for Storage of Carriages belonging to my patrons, an abundant supply of Hay and Grain of the choicest quality and trusty men to attend to the wants of all customers. I can assure the public that any business I am favored with will receive prompt and satisfactory attention. All wanting Saddle Horses, Single or Double Rigs or Team Work are invited to call.
ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH OR TELEPHONE WILL BE ATTENDED TO WITH DISPATCH
A fair share of patronage is solicited. Office and Headquarters at the
KNAPP BARN,
WATER STREET
A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, '85. 2tf

M. A. SPRAGUE'S
HARDWARE STORE,
Opposite the Grand Central,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Hardware, Stoves, Tinware,
House Furnishnig Goods
SILVERWARE,
Cutlery, Lamps,
Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty,
Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools,
In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The Closest buyers and Best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at the above store than any other place in the Country.
A COMPETENT TINNER
Always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEAN'S LIVERY!
At the new Livery of F. B. Dean on School street can be found as
FINE TURNOUTS
as at any establishment of the kind in McKean County.
LADIES' SADDLE AND DRIVING HORSES
a specialty. Safe teams for funerals can always be had at reasonable prices.
HORSES BOUGHT & SOLD
Good Stabling for Transient and Boarding Horses.
OPEN ALL HOURS
Call before hiring elsewhere
F. B. DEAN.
Smethport, Nov 20, 1884 46tf

Hotel for Sale.
The undersigned offers for sale the property known as the "Exchange Hotel" located at the McKean & Buffalo depot East Smethport Pa. The house is well furnished, has bar and fixtures and everything in first-class order. Will be sold at a bargain to the right parties. For particulars call on or address, J. H. SOWERS East Smethport Pa.
33-tf

F. C. OLDS,
At his store in
FARMERS' VALLEY, PA.
is prepared to supply his customers with
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Crockery and all other goods required for family use or to keep soul and body together at figures that will astonish
The Natives!
He keeps on hand always the choicest brands of Flour, Feed, &c. and his Buckwheat can't be beat in the Universe. Smethport people will save money by taking a short ride (four miles) over a lively road and buy their goods for less money than they can buy it at home.
Farmers Valley, Nov 20, 1884. 18-ly

CALL ON
C. L. DOUGLASS
For Your
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots & Shoes, Etc.
He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of
SMETHPORT GRIST MILL
Feed and Meal
of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice.
Mechanic St. SMETHPORT PA.

Great Reduction
IN PRICES.
John C. Hamlin will sell for the next thirty days
Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Stoves, Etc.
At Prices Astonishingly Low for Cash.
For example:
Nails [illegible] $2 50 per keg
Building Paper [illegible] cents per lb
Cornell White Lead [illegible]
Armstrong & McKelvey White [illegible]
Pure Linseed Oil [illegible] 60 cts per gal
Smethport Pa. Oct 8, 1884

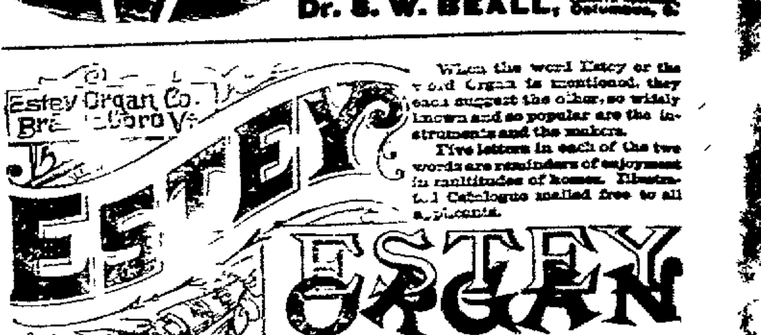
A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES
Popular [illegible] test of [illegible]
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
[illegible] one of our best [illegible] should be of [illegible] years ago I [illegible]
Lover St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.
SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, [illegible] Almanac for 1883.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists, $1, six bottles for $5.

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT PA.
Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING!
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!
All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

MASONIC HALL
FURNITURE STORE!
Specht & Sasse
We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with
FURNITURE
of all kinds and of
PRICE AND QUALITY
to suit the purchaser.
Undertaking in all its branches.
Full and Complete Line of
WALL PAPER!
Constantly on Hand.
Friends and patrons are invited
CALL AND SEE US
in our location, and
Look at our Stock
SPECHT & SASSE,
Main St., Smethport, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATARRH
IN THE HEAD,
Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Stomach (Dyspepsia), the early stages of Consumption, Asthma, Hay Fever and all diseases of the NOSE, THROAT and LUNGS CURED by a new and SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM.
Not a douche, snuff, nor patent medicine.
Each case is treated according to the symptoms, what will cure one case may be worthless in another. [illegible]
Dr. S. W. BEALL, Catarrh Specialist, Columbus, O.



Estey Organ Co.
Brattleboro Vt.
ESTEY
ESTEY ORGAN

When the word Estey or the word Organ is mentioned, they each suggest the other, so widely known and so popular are the instruments and the makers.
Five letters in each of the two words are reminders of enjoyment in multitudes of homes. Illustrated Catalogue mailed free to all applicants.

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR HOLIDAY TRADE!
A LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' AND GENTS'
FINE SLIPPERS!
New & Desirable Styles & Patterns
Also for
BOYS, MISSES
AND CHILDREN.
AND A FULL LINE OF
HIGH TOP SHOES,
For Young People and Ladies' Wear.
AT REDUCED PRICES.
No Shoddy in any of my Goods.
Buy Useful Presents in Boots and Shoes of
G. A. GROVES,
NO. 28 MAIN ST., BRADFORD, PA.

New Goods Just Received
At D. C. YOUNG'S.
IMMENSE STOCK OF
Spring and Summer Clothing
For Men, Boys and Children.
LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
Complete Line of
DRY GOODS
BOOTS AND SHOES.
HATS AND CAPS,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC
And Full Stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES!
All of which were bought CHEAP FOR CASH, and will be Sold accordingly.
CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK--NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
Smethport Pa., Sept. 26, 1883.
D. C. YOUNG,

JOHN DIGEL'S
MARBLE WORKS.

Monumental
and
Mantel Designs
Executed in the Best Style from either
MARBLE ✧ OR ✧ SLATE
Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF
VASELINE
(PETROLEUM JELLY.)
One Ounce bottles reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cents.
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25 cts. to 15 cents.
Five Ounce bottles reduced from 50 cts. to 25 cents.
The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us, as the imitations are worthless.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., New York.

H. W. RUBIN,
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.
Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all such work as belongs to the trade. All work warranted. I have also on hand a fine assortment
Clothing, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA

Vol. XXII.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1885.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every man's paper every week, and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

'Tis naught when woman humbugs man,
For that's the good old style;
But oh, man's confidence in man
Makes countless thousands smile.

—Good sleighing.

—Hawkeye, the ice husker.

—Argument court next week.

—Beautiful moonlight nights.

—Carry me back to June time.

—Business is livening up a little.

—Music at the rink Saturday night.

—Emporium wants an opera house.

—There is a dearth of local news just at present.

—Some fine ice has been harvested the past week.

—The weather evidently has caught a very hard cold.

—Jack Frost just now holds the best end of the stick.

—The Hose boys' dance occurs on the 17th of February.

—Five weeks more of President Arthur's administration.

—The weather has been a little chilly for a few days past.

—Robert G. Ingersoll lectured at Bradford on Tuesday last.

—The county auditor's report will appear in full next week.

—It is about time to stir up the February election menagerie.

—Prof. Lane, a teacher of vocal music, has started a singing school.

—The thermometer was 14 degrees below zero Wednesday morning.

—Emigrants are now able to go from New York to Chicago for one dollar.

—The people of England have been troubled with artificial earthquakes.

—Port Allegany has a polo team anxious to meet some team in the county.

—Did you ever notice how much warmer it is in the summer than in the winter?

—The Port Allegany *Reporter* offers great inducements to people to take that paper.

—E. L. Keenan's new office was started last week but the cold weather was too much for it.

—Religious meetings have been held every evening the past week at the Baptist church.

—File your license petitions before February 2d if you don't want to get left out entirely.

—The Eclipse oil refining works at Olean have shut down owing to the depression in trade.

—The clock in the dome of the court house has not been lighted up at night for some time past.

—"Do you burn gas?" "Wal, no, not very much, just at present. But we will when it gets warmer."

—The county commissioners of Potter county have let the county printing to three papers at $600 each.

—The man who predicted a mild winter has been found guilty of an assault and battery on the public.

—Owing to the scarcity of news in Olean the newspapers there are now quarreling about their age.

—The driven well patent has expired and now any one can drive a well without fear of the royalty collector.

—Miss Carson makes an announcement elsewhere in to-day's paper of her closing out sale of millinery goods.

—We expect to hear of Hugh Brawley's starting a dancing school soon. The minuet fancies is his specialty.

—Smethporteans visiting at New Orleans report the weather very disagreeable and the exposition anything but a success.

—We have received the report of the board of commissioners of the second geological survey. It is a valuable pamphlet.

—The Potter County *Journal* says there are six newspapers within the borders of that county and more are talked of.

—A. J. Carr is now the editor and proprietor of the Meadville *Daily Tribune*. Andy will edit as long as there is a newspaper in the country.

—The rink had a boom last Saturday night. Quite a large party came over from Alton to witness a game of polo, but were disappointed.

—President Arthur, it is said, will return to New York immediately after the 4th of March, form a law partnership and resume his practice.

—The McKean County Medical Society will meet for their regular monthly meeting at the office of Dr. Nichols, in Bradford, February 3d.

—The man in the moon evidently did not swear off this year, or if he did he has failed to keep his good resolutions, for he got full twice this month.

—A southern editor expresses the opinion that all angels are blondes. This may be true, but it would be hazarding too much to say that all blondes are angels.

—There was probably no theme ever before produced that gave the poets on local papers such a chance to grind out machine poetry as that of the skating rink. This thing ought to be headed off at once.

—Mrs. James A. Garfield has been sued by a woman named "Thankful" Tanner for $25,000. Mrs. Tanner was run over by Mrs. Garfield's carriage Dec. 22d, while in the Public Square and she now alleges she was seriously injured.

—On the afternoon and evening of January 16th, D. D. G. M. Westenhall, of this place, instituted lodge 355, I. O. O. F., at Kane, with twenty-one charter members. A number of the members of this lodge participated in the exercises.

—The Excelsior polo team of Olean defeated the Dunkirks at Buffalo Saturday night, the score standing 1 to 0. A Boston team will play the Olean team in a short time for the championship of the United States.

—Senator Emery is booked to deliver one of a course of five lectures to be given by distinguished citizens of Pennsylvania at Wellsboro. The other gentlemen engaged are Hon. W. A. Wallace, Hon. J. Simpson Africa, ex Gov. Hoyt, and Gen. James A. Beaver.

—We are requested by Hon. W. W. Brown, congressman for this district, to publicly state that it is his wish, that persons desiring seeds, field or garden, shall notify him by letter, naming the kind desired and their address plainly written, and that their requests will be filled to the extent of the district's quota.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

George Brooks, of Olean, is in town this week.

David Kirk, of Bradford, was in town this week.

H. F. Barbour, of the *Star*, made the MINER a pleasant call yesterday.

Miss Eva Forsythe was visiting friends and relatives at Larrabee this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McCoy are confined to their rooms, each suffering from severe colds.

J. R. Chadwick has been confined to the house the most of the week, with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Ellis, of Farmer's Valley, were presented with a bouncing boy on Wednesday last.

—Mr. T. A. Miller, a noted singer of N. Y., is in town in attendance at the meetings at the Baptist church.

Miss Sarah Williams met with quite a serious accident last week. While going down stairs she fell breaking her collar bone.

Mrs. M. A. Sprague returned from Addison, N. Y., on Saturday last, where she has been under treatment for a cancer for the past few months. Mrs. Sprague returns almost entirely cured and is loud in her praises of the treatment received at the hands of Dr's. Crane and Bush.

The February Elections.

February 17th, the third Tuesday, is the day for our borough and township elections. All of the officers to be elected are of importance to every voter. Care should be taken to see that good reliable men are chosen who will have charge of our municipal affairs. We would call special attention to the election of the assessor and his two assistants. The triennial assessment takes place during their term of office, and it is the duty of every property holder to see that honest capable men are found who will discharge the duties of this important office with intelligence and fidelity. The opinion has become current that no new poormasters will have to be elected, this is not the case, the poor farm will not be ready to receive paupers before the first of June next, and poormasters will have to be elected to serve for one year, though their duties will not amount to much after the county buildings are completed, except to settle up the accounts.

State Encampment G. A. R.

The meeting of Pennsylvania state encampment of the grand army of the republic, will be held in Harrisburg on February 10th and 11th next, and there are indications that the attendance will be large. The opera house has been engaged by the city posts, who will also provide a band of music. In addition to this a very handsome and costly badge has been prepared, which will be presented to each delegate as the gift of the Harrisburg posts. The badge is of French bronze about the size of a half-dollar. On the obverse side is a reduced fac simile of the center piece of the regular G. A. R. star badge, representing fraternity, charity and loyalty, surrounded by a laurel wreath. The reverse bears the inscription in raised letters: "Delegate to 19th annual encampment and department of Pennsylvania. G. A. R. compliments of post 58 and 116." The medal will be suspended by a ribbon from a bronze bar bearing the inscription, Harrisburg, '85.

Guess They Were "Pulled."

Our religious editor clips the following from the Olean *Democrat*, and says he thinks that some of the "gang" must have been pulled: "The amount of gambling done in Olean is very large, and is not confined entirely to the boys. Some think it surprising, and we must confess, it is a little strange, that a poker room only three days old should be selected for pulling purposes, while at least five other rooms of a similar character, (except that they are frequented by older heads), which have been in existence for months, some of them for years, and which were in full blast at the very hour the boy's den was raided, should have been left unmolested. Let us have fair play all around. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. What is awfully bad for foolish boys must certainly be a little bad for full-grown men. Now that the dance has commenced, let all the poker rooms and faro rooms in town contribute to the pay of the fiddler."

The Hose Ball.

Ever since the hose company has become an organization it has been their honored custom of holding an annual ball, not for the purpose of making money, but that the members might, with the aid of their supporters, get together and hold a sort of a reunion. This year they intend holding their ball on the 17th of February at Kittredge Opera House. It is not their intention to issue invitations, but to extend a cordial welcome to one and all who may desire to come and help them make the occasion a success and have a good time. The boys will come out in their new uniforms for the first time and no trouble will be spared to make their "fourth annual" a grand success. Supper will be served at the Wright House. The best music will be secured and the bill placed as low as possible. Let everybody attend and have a good dance.

Who are They?

It is always supreme satisfaction to the editor of this paper to discover the hostility and dislike of men who run disreputable sheets. When these low, blackmailing creatures pitch into us then we know we are on the right track. One of this gang was considerably amused recently because we did not know the given name of the governor of this state. We will bet two to one that this blackmailer don't know the name of a single one of our state officers, excepting the governor, and if he can give his it is because there has been so much talk about it lately.

Only Good on the Valve.

An amusing incident is said to have occured a few days since in the primary department of our school. The teacher wanted to know of the juveniles the good of snow, what it did for humanity, etc. In less than a second two hands were up, and the little girl said "it was good to make sleighs run nice." On being asked by the teacher, number two replied: "Why, my folks say Snow is only good to sit on the valve."

Baptist Church.

Preaching next Sunday morning and evening. Mr. T. A. Miller the sweet singer who has been singing at the meetings during the week will be present and assist in the service of song.

Covenant meeting, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2, p. m., followed by the administration of the Lord's supper on the Sabbath.

Services at Farmer's Valley, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

EAST BRADFORD.

Rob't Ingersoll's lecture "which way" drew a fair house.

The ice man have been harvesting some fine ice of late.

"A cold day when we get left," will show at the opera house Monday evening.

T. W. Cole one of Bradford's old settlers, who himself is nearly eighty years old, was called away last week on the sad mission of attending his father's funeral, who was over one hundred years old.

Chief-of-Police, John McCrea, has a bright boy of 11 years of age in his care, the boy being driven from home by a drunken father. John intends to give the lad to some respectable family who would like a boy.

The Holmes House on Congress street had a narrow escape from being burned a day or two since, and suffered damage of fire and water to the tune of about $2 000, which is covered by insurance. The firemen were on the scene promptly and did good work.

The democratic constables are being taught a lesson in civil service reform, as all of the court subpœnas for the next session have been placed in the hands of a second ward constable, who has hitherto been unheard of. Finnerty, Barlow, Osborn and Weaver are very naturally kicking.

A certain big corporation is very mad because damaging stories are being circulated about their credit. It seems they let a note for $10,000 go to protest some time ago, and when it was sued took a twelve months stay. One of the parties to the note became incensed at this and has been issuing attachments against them in New York state and damaging their credit also in other ways.

The Gem Theatre is about to be transformed into a dime museum. The same old curiosities, etc that have been "acting" there lately, will, it is supposed, compose the menagerie part. The show will probably be worth a dime anyhow, if only for a place to keep warm during the cold evenings, and may draw good houses. With ten cent rinks, free lunches and ten cent shows, (a dime museum is to be at the opera house this week also), we may possibly tide over the winter on seventy cent oil.

The stockholders in the Producer's Exchange have received polite letters from the secretary to loan them $10 on each share of stock they hold, to enable the Exchange to pay off some of their indebtedness. They claim that they have been running behind in expenses but hope that times will be better in the future. It is not called an assessment but it is generally understood that if the stockholders do not "come down" the building will be sold out by the sheriff.

JUPITER.

Bradford, Jan. 29, 1885.

Closing Out Sale

Of Millinery goods, store fixtures, furniture, etc. Having decided to close up my business in Smethport, I will sell my entire stock of millinery goods, consisting of a great variety of hats, trimmed and untrimmed bonnets of every description, hoods, boy's caps, ribbons, satins, velvets, feathers, flowers, etc., for the next fifteen days regardless of cost. All the store furniture and fixtures, show-case, mirror, tables, chairs, a new couch, one very fine heating stove nearly new. Call early at my store between D. C. Young's store and J. C. Backus' residence on Main street, Smethport, Pa., get your choice at very low prices. All goods, furniture, etc., not sold before February 14th, 1885, at 10 o'clock, a. m., will then be sold at auction to the highest bidder.

This will be a positive closing out sale and parties calling early will receive desirable bargains.

MISS E. CARSON.

Jan. 29, 1885.

The Times Almanac.

The Philadelphia *Times* annual almanac came to hand this week. It is a model book of information, containing carefully compiled tables of the state and national elections, together with a complete almanac, election laws, game laws, rates of postage, valuation of foreign coin, and a clear and detailed explanation of the many questions pertaining to politics, etc., every business man should have one.

Rink Notice.

The proprietors of the rink have decided not to open the rink afternoons hereafter, but will continue to keep it open to the public on the regular evenings as heretofore, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Ladies will be admitted on Tuesday evenings free, price of skates as usual.

St. Luke's Church.

Services may be expected on next Sunday at the usual hours, morning and evening.

Services had to be omitted on Sunday last owing to illness of Rev. Mr. McCandless with a severe cold.

The Difference.

"How much did you say this was?"

"A dollar and a half."

"That's a big price, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, I assure you: the drugs are very costly."

"But I am a druggist myself."

"Oh, you are. Well—of course—fifteen cents."—*Ex.*

Total Number of American Locomotives.

The most reliable official figures that can be found, says the *American Mechanic*, shows that there are 29,237 locomotives of all kinds belonging to the railroads of North America. Reckoning the life of a locomotive at 25 years, it ought to require the construction of 1,169 locomotives annually to maintain the stock of engines. A great many locomotives kept on the motive-power list are doubtless out of service; but, making free allowance for this, the figures indicate that in the last year the renewals of locomotives have been far below the necessary requirements. Many of the engines built do not represent maintenance of stock, but were called for by new roads and extensions. Renewals must be made some time to fill the blanks left by wear and tear, and those who delay longest in getting their motive-power put in order will pay heaviest for the work when it can be delayed no longer.

Attractive and Useful.

The Brown chemical company, Baltimore, Md., the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful *hand* book and almanac for ladies, and a complete and useful memorandum book for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers, but should they not have them the Brown chemical company will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage.

Ladies Wanted.

A lady agent is wanted in every city and village; also ladies to travel and solicit orders for MADAME WOOD'S Corsets and Corded Corset Waists. Agents are making from twenty to fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price-list to R. Wood, 34 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y. 3-2m.

Death of John Digel.

This community was greatly startled last Monday morning to hear of the sudden death of John Digel, proprietor of the Silver Mountain Granite works, which took place early Monday morning at his residence near Hamlin station. He had been sick but a few days, his death resulting from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which attacked the vitals, and brought him to a speedy end. Mr. Digel was born in a little town called Neuiffen, lying at the foot of the Alps mountains in Wurtemburg, Germany, July 23th 1834, so that at the time of his death he was about 40 years and a half old. He came to this country when he was about 21 years of age, and for four or five years after his arrival led a rather roving life. During this time he paid a visit to Louisiana, Mexico, the Island of Cuba, South America and California. This he was enabled to do by means of working at his trade, which was that of a stone cutter. After paying a visit to his parents in the old country, he returned to this country and settled in Smethport about fourteen years ago, marrying Amelia, daughter of Adam Martin of Clermont, for his wife, who, together with several small children, survive to mourn his loss. Mr. Digel was a good citizen, an enterprising and energetic business man, a kind husband and indulgent father, and had he lived and succeeded as he hoped to do, his monumental and fine stone business would have become one of the most profitable enterprises of the county. His funeral services were held in the Baptist church Wednesday at 1 o'clock, p. m., the pastor, Rev. F. H. Gates conducting the services and striving to improve an event at once so solemn and impressive to the good of all concerned. The remains were interred in the family lot in Rose Hill Cemetery, there to await the general resurrection. His stricken wife and little ones have the sincerest sympathy of the entire community.

OBITUARY.

MASON.—On Friday afternoon, January 9, 1885, died, Miss Elva Mason, step-daughter of G. B. Crandal, of Plainview, Nebraska.

Another of our much loved and respected citizens has been borne to the home of the silent dead. Another leaf has fallen to enrich our Mother Earth.

Elva Mason was born in Smethport, Pennsylvania, March 21, 1858, and at the date of her death was aged 26 years, 9 months and 18 days. While yet a child she had the misfortune to lose her father and for the last eight years her presence has made sunshine and gladdened the hearts of the inmates of her step father's home, to whom she has ever been a devoted, loving daughter, and able assistant. Her last illness extended through a period of about eight weeks and during nearly the whole time her sufferings were unusually severe, but were borne with such uncomplaining patience that even her nearest friends scarcely realized the seriousness of her condition, though her devoted parents sought by most skilfull medical aid and unwearied care to ward off the inevitable, but it was not to be, and she passed gently from the cares and troubles of this life to the shelter and rest of death and the brightness of life everlasting.

Thus ends the story of a short life of goodness and gentleness, rich in all womanly graces. A life spent in kind offices to others and the practice of all the virtues that renders the female character lovely. Death could not have entered this community and singled out a more shining mark or one whose loss would have been more universally regretted.

Her remains were interred by the side of her father and brother in her native village in Pennsylvania.—Plainview *Gazette*.

Death of Morrow B. Lowry.

Morrow B. Lowry, formerly one of the leading politicians of Crawford county, died at an insane asylum in Philadelphia on Monday, at the age of nearly 72 years. He lived in Conneautville in his boyhood days, and kept a store there in later days. He was elected to the legislature in 1841 and 1842 from Crawford county, as a democrat. He was a leading spirit in the enterprise of completing the Erie extension canal. He removed to Erie in 1848. He joined the republican party in its early years. He was several times elected to the state senate from the district composed of the counties of Erie and Crawford. He suffered a stroke of paralysis about ten years ago, and shortly after became the victim of strange hallucinations. Although at times sane, it was not thought safe to let him remain at liberty, and he was taken to an asylum, where he has since remained. He was a man of generous impulses, and considerable natural ability, but rough and uncouth.

The past week has been a daisy, the weather has been all that could be expected—for freezing gas and water pipes. The merry school children have been enjoying the invigorating air and wearing out the bosom of their pantaloons riding down hill on a board, while the old man got in his work on the valve while the weather was so pleasant. All these little incidents are pleasing to think of and causes the daily labor to seem light, but when the motor refused to run the big press we got angry, we could not lay it to the valve or the Snow, and so we took off our little jackets and followed the wheel around until we got 'em off.

Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture.

Of all the publications of nurserymen there is no other that can be compared with *Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture*. It is really a valuable work on Horticulture, giving, as it does, full instructions for planting, pruning, culture and management of fruits of all kinds, and impartial descriptions of all worthy varieties. It is a book of over 70 pages, with an illuminated cover, elegantly printed and embellished with hundreds of engravings and several colored plates true to nature. Price, with colored plates, 10 cts.; without plates, 5 cts. Everybody at all interested in fruit culture should send to J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, New Jersey, and get a copy.

FINEST cigars in town at H. C. Wells drug store.

A FULL line of patent medicines at H. C. Wells' drug store, Main St.

A LARGE stock of visiting cards and fancy stationery at Wells' drug store.

H. C. WELLS sells the finest cigars in town, try them.

F. C. OLDS, Farmers Valley, keeps constantly on hand a choice line of groceries, which he sells at low prices, considering quality.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA

BARGAINS in hats, bonnets, &c., guaranteed at Mrs. Nash's.

ALL kinds of smoking and chewing tobacco at H. C. Wells'.

MARRIED.

PFEIFFER—SMITH.—In Smethport, Jan. 28th at the residence of Dr. Sharp, by Rev. W. Bradley, Mr. Louis G. Pfeiffer, of Meadville, and Miss Lena H. Smith, of Port Allegany.

Hon. Byron D. Hamlin.

The following interesting narrative of the life of our distinguished citizen, appeared recently in the Bradford *Star*. We take the liberty of reproducing it, as it will be read with very much interest by all the old citizens of the county, a large number of whom are readers of the MINER, as well as our subscribers at a distance, many of whom are personally acquainted with the subject of the sketch:

"When the average young man of the present day is disposed to grumble at the fate that compels him to earn his living and to complain of his "luck," it may be profitable to him to study the lives of the older men around him who are enjoying wealth and honorable position. He will discover that almost without exception their earlier days were days of struggling toil and that their success is the result of earnest and persevering application of the hand and brain and the prompt improvement of every opportunity offered.

"The gentleman whose portrait we give in our series of prominent citizens this week holds a most enviable position socially and financially. In the declining years of his life he is surrounded with all the comforts of a competence and the assurance of the respect and honor of his fellows and the love of a large circle of friends and family connections. This is not the result of "luck" or chance, but the reward of patient toil and persevering endeavor. Equal success is in the power of any young man.

"Hon. B. D. Hamlin was born on the 7th day of May, 1824, at Shesequin, Bradford county, Pa., the youngest of seven children. His father, Dr. Asa Hamlin, was of English descent, while his mother, whose maiden name was Delano, came of French ancestry. His parents and ancestors had resided for many generations in Litchfield, Conn., his father removing to this state in 1816. His father was one of twenty-one children, and was bred on a farm and brought up under the old puritanical regime as practiced by the New England Presbyterians. Amusements were rare and Sunday was a day to be dreaded. Dr. Hamlin had scanty opportunities for education or culture in his youth, yet he improved them so well that he secured a profession in which he held a respectable rank. In those days, however, doctors' fees were small and hard to get. In June, 1833, he removed to Smethport with his wife and two younger children—the subject of this sketch and his sister Jenette—and died the same year leaving his family almost entirely destitute.

"In this condition of things young Byron, then but a slight lad of 9 years, set about to find some self-supporting employment. The first that offered was an opportunity to peel and gather bark from old hemlock trees that had fallen. This he sold for fuel at one dollar per cord, payable in store trade! In this occupation he succeeded in maintaining and clothing himself for some time, and even had sufficient surplus to purchase a handsome cream pitcher as a present to his mother. It cost five shillings and sixpence, and is still preserved and highly prized as a relic of the struggles of his youth.

"After a time he was offered the position of mail carrier between Smethport and Olean, then the only communication with the outside world, and accepted it gratefully. He had to make two round trips each week, going to Olean and returning each Sunday, and going Wednesday and returning on Thursday. The salary was seventy-five cents a trip, or $1.50 a week. The Sunday trip commenced at 4 a. m. and was generally concluded between 8 and 11 p. m., in all kinds of weather and all the seasons of the year. Young Byron began this occupation when 13 years old and continued it two years, during which time the mail never failed to be on time. His mode of conveyance was a mule, and Mr. Hamlin enjoys nothing better than to relate the comical, though often unpleasant, experiences of those days. The early education of the mule had evidently been neglected, and he was not only vicious but failed to appreciate his dignity as a carrier of the U. S. mail. The throwing of his rider was an almost every day pastime, and his inclination was nearly always certain to go in the contrary direction from that desired. His rider often had the assistance of C. V. B. Barse and other Olean boys in starting the beast homeward.

"By the improvement of odd hours with his books at the fireside and an occasional few weeks at school he had gained sufficient education to undertake teaching school at the age of 16, on Marvin creek, about four miles from home, at $10 a month and "board around." The term lasted three months, and from the proceeds he was able to purchase a suit of clothes and a few books.

"His sister Jenette having married Rev. Moses Crow, a professor in Allegany college, he accepted an invitation to make his home with them and enter the college. After about a year his brother-in-law's health failed and he was obliged to resign his professorship, and young Byron having no means wherewith to pay his expenses and continue his studies, returned to Smethport. He then accepted an offer of partnership in a little store owned by his brother Orlo J. Hamlin, the whole stock of which would not inventory over $500. After about a year thus engaged his brother-in-law, who had in the meantime united with the conference of the M. E. church and been stationed at Geneva, N. Y., again invited him to live with him and attend the college in that village. The long hoped for opportunity to finish his education seemed to have arrived, and he hastily closed his interest in the store and prepared to accept the offer. His profits in the year's business comprised a respectable wardrobe and about $100 in bills receivable. He had in preparation for his trip a wooden trunk made by a carpenter and joiner, (which is still preserved in the attic of his residence) in which all of his worldly wealth was stowed, when a few days before starting he received a letter stating that both Mr. and Mrs. Crow were lying at the point of death with typhoid fever. He went on at once on horseback and found that his sister was dead and buried and his brother-in-law almost at the point of death. He was obliged to return to Smethport with his hopes disappointed and his spirits crushed.

"By the advice of his brother, Orlo J., who was then practicing law in Smethport, he gave up the idea of obtaining a collegiate education, and entered his office as a student. This was in 1843, and in 1846 he was admitted to the bar of McKean county. His brother had the care of a number of landed estates for the various owners, and the attention to the details of this part of the business falling largely upon the young student he early acquired a taste for it, and having given the subject his principal attention during his long professional career is an accepted authority upon all legal questions relating to lands and land titles. In 1855 he accepted the agency of the immense Keating & Co.'s lands, comprising hundreds of thousands of acres in McKean, Potter, Clinton and Clearfield counties. He has had the care of these lands continuously up to the past year, when he in conjunction with his nephew, Hon. Henry Hamlin, became the purchaser of the entire property.

"In politics Mr. Hamlin is a democrat. When a young man, he was active and prominent as a local leader, and his party, then largely in the majority in the county and district, recognized his abilities and usefulness. In 1848, at the age of 24, he was recommended by this county as a candidate for the legislature, but declined at the district convention in favor of G. W. Schofield, of Warren county, who was elected. In 1850 he was elected treasurer of McKean county. In 1852 he was sent to the state senate, in which body, although one of the youngest members, he took a leading and prominent position. He was renominated at the close of his term, in 1855, and was defeated by Henry Souther, the candidate of the American and free soil parties. Having undertaken the Keating & Co.'s land business at about that time, his life has since been so much engrossed with professional and business cares that he has been forced to withdraw from active political life to more congenial pursuits. In 1892, however, he was induced after repeated solicitations to allow his name to be presented as the candidate of his party for the legislature. Although the county is naturally republican by a few hundred majority and he was opposed by the strongest candidate who could at that time have been nominated against him, (Hon. David Sterrett,) he was defeated by less than a score of votes.

"Mr. Hamlin is now in his 61st year, a well-preserved gentleman, in the prime of his maturity and usefulness. Although his life has been full of toil and business cares, he has always been perfectly temperate in his habits and has not wasted his energies or his health. In 1846 he married Miss Harriet, daughter of John Holmes, of Smethport, who has by her faithful devotion, constant sympathy and good counsel contributed largely to his success. They were blessed with three children—a boy and two girls. The son Delano R., died last summer, leaving a wife and two children. The eldest daughter married H. V. Redfield, the well-known Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who died of consumption a few years ago, leaving his wife with three children. The youngest daughter married John Forrest, who is a partner with his father-in-law in the law and land business, and the main reliance for the detail business of the firm. Mr. Hamlin is very domestic in his tastes, and is happiest when surrounded by his family, children and grand-children. He live in a comfortable mansion in Smethport, and enjoys with his family the competence and ease earned by his hand and brain throughout a busy and useful life."

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for
Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
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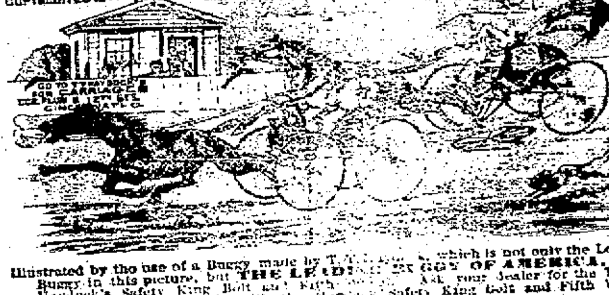

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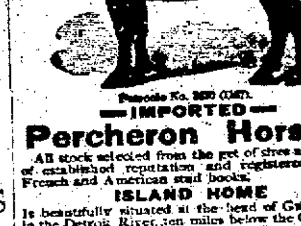

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale on the premises in the Borough of Port Allegany, Pa., on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1885, at one o'clock p. m., the following valuable parcels of land, to-wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the borough of Port Allegany, McKean county, Pennsylvania, described as follows:—Beginning at a post in the centre of the road standing north 30 degrees west 181 feet from the stone set in the centre of the four corners, thence north 30 degrees west 36 feet to a post, thence north 60 degrees east 153 feet to a post in the west line of the alley, thence along west line of alley south 30 degrees east 36 feet to a post, thence south 60 degrees west 153 feet to the place of beginning; containing fourteen and six-tenths square perches of land more or less, being part of square No. 70 in the general plan of said borough, having erected thereon a good two-story frame store building about 24x60 feet in size, and being one of the best business locations in said borough.

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the borough of Port Allegany, McKean county, Pennsylvania, described as follows:—Beginning at a post standing north 60 degrees east 47 perches and north 30 degrees west 22 perches from the stone set in the centre of the four corners and being southwest corner of square No. 21, thence north 30 degrees east 8 perches, thence north 60 degrees east 8 perches, thence south 30 degrees east 8 perches, thence south 60 degrees west 8 perches to the place of beginning; containing 64 square perches strict measure, more or less, and being southwest corner of square No. 21 in the general plan of said borough, having erected thereon a frame dwelling house nearly new, about 16x26 feet in size with wing attached, usual outbuildings, well of water, fruit and ornamental trees, fine garden, and being one of the most desirable residences in the borough.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. A. McDonald at the suit of Sheldon Brothers.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Jan. 29, 1885.
S. W. Smith and M. J. Colcord, Pl'ffs Att'ys.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS having been settled in the office of the Register, the same will be presented for confirmation at an Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania on the Fourth Monday of February A. D. 1885:

Final account of Genevra Hazen, Administratrix of the estate of O. N. Hazen, deceased.

Final account of L. H. Jacobs, Administrator of the estate of B. Jacobs, deceased.

Final account of J. M. McClure, Administrator of the estate of Major Ashton, deceased.

J. M. McELROY, Register,
J. W. BOUTON, Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 28, 1885.—4t.

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, PRESIDENT Judge, and the Hons. HENRY HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter sessions of the Peace, Orphans' and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1884, and to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Tuesday, the 3d day of Feb'y 1885, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Jan. 30th 1885, and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Court Proclamation

The Hon. A. G. OLMSTED President Judge, and the Hons. H. HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the court of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, quarter sessions of the peace, orphans' and court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Wednesday, Dec. 3d, 1884, and to me directed, for holding a court of common pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 9th day of Feb'y, 1885, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Jan. 29th, 1885, and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

List of Traverse Jurors

Drawn in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, to be summoned for the 2d Monday of February, 1885.

Avery, E. L.—Bradford city.
Brown, Richard—Bradford township.
Beacom, J. W.—Lafayette.
Buttry, J. W.—Bradford township.
Bissett, R. S.—Dallas.
Bartholomew, C.—Bradford city.
Bishop, S. A.—Smethport.
Clark, A. W.—Otto.
Case, E. B.—Bolivar Run.
Dolley, Izates—Liberty.
Faint, J. B.—Bradford city.
Freeman, J. J.—Bradford city.
Folwell, J. W.—Summit.
Gordineer, Charles—Bradford city.
Hodges, J. S.—Annin.
Hays, S. R.—Eldred.
Hafner, Wm.—Hamlin.
Hardie, Mark—Lafayette.
Kemp, M. A.—Coleville.
Lavery, Barney—Bradford city.
McPherson, E. S.—Bradford city.
McNally, Thomas—Eldred borough.
McGill, Edward, Jr.—Keating.
Newton, George—Lafayette.
Nolan, Wm.—Bradford city.
Norman, Aug.—Wetmore.
Phalen, James—Ceres.
Parkhurst, Grant—Bradford city.
Prentice, A.—Prentissvale.
Stankins, Joseph—Summit.
Simpson, Darius—Annin.
Tait, L. D.—Annin.
Turner, W. P.—Oil Valley.
Walker, Ora—Derrick.
Ward, Wilbur C.—Bradford city.
Wood, Samuel—Custer.

D. F. PATTISON, } Jury Coms.
E. F. CLARK, }
A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: JNO. R. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1885.

Trial List

FOR SECOND MONDAY OF FEBRUARY 1885.

1. B S Battles vs George K Anderson No 56 Oct term 1884 Feigned issue Plea—Payment with leave to give special matters in evidence.
2. Anchor Petroleum Company vs Kendall & Eldred Railroad Company No 271 Feb'y term 1882 Case Plea—Not guilty.
3. Anchor Petroleum Co vs Kendall & Eldred Railroad Co No 272 Feb'y term 1882 Case Plea—Not guilty.
4. Alexander & Fulton vs Joseph Kilgore, J J Bell No 280 Feb'y term 1882 Trespass on the case in assumpsit Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off with leave to offer special matter in evidence.
5. Sterrett & Hamlin vs Joseph Erhman, A Leo Weil, assignee No 475 Feb'y term 1882 Replevin.
6. Hannah Forbes vs Sennett Backus No 14 May term 1882 Appeal Plea—Non-assumpsit infra sex annas.
7. C H Foster vs R F Borckman No 59 May term 1882 Trespass on the case in assumpsit Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off, with leave etc.
8. W L Chrisman vs Bradford, Richburg & Cuba R R Co No 74 May term 1882 Appeal from award of viewers Plea—Not guilty.
9. H S Southard vs H C Johnson, Wm Johnson and Jos Kittinger, doing business as Johnson & Kittinger No 28 May term 1882 Assumpsit Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off with leave etc.
10. R Jennings and Edward Jennings, doing business as R Jennings & Son vs the Olean, Bradford & Warren R R Co No 379 May term 1882 Case Plea—Not guilty.
11. H S Southard vs Jos Kittinger, George Kuppen and others, as Bamboo Oil Co No 47 Sept term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
12. Jonathan M Dake, Moses W Dake and Charles M Dake, copartners as J M and C M Dake & Co vs Myron A Harmon, A N McFall, M S Davidson, H G Spalier, Orville Titus, S H Smith, H H Charles, E J Wilkes, P H Garrity, Jerome Sabins and E S Hudson, doing business as Home Enterprise Oil and Gas Co Limited No 90 Sept term 1882 Assumpsit Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and set off.
13. M Y Moore vs Kittanning Insurance Co No 223 Sept term 1882 Trespass on the case in assumpsit Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and set off.
14. O'Brien & Stickney vs W Doe No 240 Sept term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
15. Wm Hast use of Wm F Correy now for use of S P Fassett vs A C Scott No 329 Sept term 1882 Judgment opened Plea—Payment with leave etc.
16. Charles Dow and Rollin Dow, doing business as Dow Bros. vs H C Crawford No 495 Sept term 1882 Replevin Plea—Non-cepit and property in defendant.
17. J B Gleason vs G N Smith and H A Rose, late co-partners as Smith & Rose No 606 Sept term 1882 Case in assumpsit and judgment opened Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and special plea for H A Rose.
18. S D Parker, Robt Bryan, John Cowles, J H Windsor and G W Windsor vs Alvin Hooker No 745 Sept term 1882 Ejectment for 9 and 44-160 acres of land in Eldred township Plea—Not guilty.
19. S D Freeman vs Wm Ramer No 845 Sept term 1882 Trespass on the case, upon promises Plea—Non-assumpsit, set off payment with leave etc.
20. Tinker & Duncan vs J W Ruble, bail of Thomas McGoldrick and Ellen McGoldrick No 44 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
21. Holden Bros. vs J S Barlow No 52 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
22. James Fox vs J C Fox and S B Roter, partners as Fox & Roter No 53 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
23. W H Staley and W H Nicholson vs A T Newell No 54 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
24. R T Bissett, administrator of estate of James Bissett vs Joseph Morgan No 70 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.
25. W B Roberts and E T Roberts, doing business as W B Roberts & Son vs R F Borckman No 92 Dec term 1882 Appeal Plea—Nil Debit.

J. M. McELROY, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1885.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 600, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George H. Harnden did, on the 22d day of Sept. 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Carrie P. Harnden.

We therefore command you, the said Carrie P. Harnden, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said George H. Harnden and to show cause, if any you have, why the said George H. Harnden your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: E. Koester, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 278, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Samuel C. Lawson did, on the 2d day of July, 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Mary E. Lawson.

We therefore command you, the said Mary E. Lawson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Samuel C. Lawson and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Samuel C. Lawson your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: Reeves & Wilson, Att'ys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 672, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie A. Wagner, by her next friend O. F. Drake did, on the 2d day of Sept. 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John F. Wagner.

We therefore command you, the said John F. Wagner, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Nellie A. Wagner and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie A. Wagner your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: E. K. Mayo, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 62, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, J. P. McQuiston, did, on the 20th day of May, 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Kate F. McQuiston.

We therefore command you, the said Kate F. McQuiston, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said J. P. McQuiston, and show cause if any you have, why the said J. P. McQuiston your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made, and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: E. Koester, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 498, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Angeline Ritchey by her next friend Jno. Blakeley did on the 15th day of July 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert F. Ritchey.

We therefore command you, the said Albert F. Ritchey, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Angeline Ritchey, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Angeline Ritchey, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: W. W. Mason, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 72, May. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Sanderson, by her next friend R. B. Barnes, did on the 4th day of March, 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, J. E. Sanderson.

We therefore command you, the said J. E. Sanderson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Minnie Sanderson and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Sanderson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON Sheriff.

Attest: C. J. Curtis, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 60, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Jane Elizabeth Briggs, by her next friend F. J. Koester did, on the 26th day of May 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles W. Briggs.

We therefore command you, the said Chas. W. Briggs, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Jane Elizabeth Briggs and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Jane Elizabeth Briggs your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: E. Koester, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 446, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Hattie A. Forbes by her next friend Seymour H. Marshall did, on the 2d day of Sept. 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, George W. Forbes.

We therefore command you, the said Geo. W. Forbes, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Hattie A. Forbes and show cause, if any you have, why the said Hattie A. Forbes, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 29, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: Wolf & George, Att'ys.

Property Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the personal property hereinafter mentioned, to-wit:

One team of bay mares,
One team of horses, one bay and one chestnut,
One roan horse,
One bay mare,
One team of bay horses.
One red cow,

A lot of sleds, wagons, harness, boats, chains, tools, hay and feed, and other equipments used by James Landrigan on the job of the Ridgway Lumber Company Limited, is the property of said Ridgway Lumber Company Limited, and is left in the possession of said James Landrigan for a limited time only. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with said property, except by the consent of said Ridgway Lumber Company Limited.

RIDGWAY LUMBER CO. LIMITED.
R. E. CARTWRIGHT, Supt.
Ridgway, Pa., Sept. 20, 1884. 41-tf.

Timber Land For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at a bargain, 300 acres of heavily timbered (principally hemlock) land, situated on Marvin Creek, at mouth of Wild Cat Run, about 8 miles from Smethport, the county seat of McKean county, Pa.

Address, JOHN LILLEY, Mankato, Minn. Jan. 2-3m.

Notice.

In the matter of the petition of William Wood Kane, for change of name. In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa. No. 216, Feb'y Term, 1885.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a Court of Common Pleas held at Smethport, in the county of McKean, Pa., on the 26th day of January, A. D. 1885, on petition therefor, the Court ordered and decreed the name of William Wood Kane, of said county, be changed to that of Thomas Leiper Kane.

J. M. McELROY, Prothonotary.
H. P. BRAWLEY, Dep'y Proth'y.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 26th, 1885.—4-4.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!—All kinds of condition powders for cattle, horses and sheep, at the lowest prices, at H. C. Wells' drug store.

New Spring Goods

MISS CARSON

Has just received a complete stock of the latest styles of

Millinery Goods!

And is prepared to supply patrons with HATS and BONNETS trimmed in the

LATEST AND FRESHEST STYLES.

Give her a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place: DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE (next door to Young's store.)

MISCELLANEOUS

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY NOT QUANTITY
THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT

This medicine combines iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhoea, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

THOMPSON & WOOD, Druggists,
BRADFORD, PA.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head, Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste And Smell. A quick & Positive Cure.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a diseased state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

Sold only by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh,

CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

(Continued from First Page.)

[illegible] No wonder that, as soon as I had spent with my mother the smallest portion of time which filial duty and gratitude exacted, I fled back to Philippa's bedside.

I watched beside her until she awoke—until her splendid dark eyes unveiled themselves. I leaned over and kissed her passionately. Between sleeping and waking, while consciousness was yet in abeyance, she returned my caresses. Then came back memory and its terrors.

"Leave me," she said. "I am a murderess."

Once more I denied it—once more I told her she was innocent. My only hope was that by continued argument I might in time change her mind. She listened almost apathetically. I grew eloquent and passionate. Was I not pleading for my own sake as well as hers? If I could but persuade her she was unaccountable for what she had done, some remnant of the happiness which a few days ago I had promised myself might even now be left.

"Basil," she whispered, "I have been doing horrible things. Will they try me—and hang me?"

"We are in Spain, dearest. Even if you were guilty the English law could not reach you."

She started. "And it was for this you hurried to Spain? To save me from a felon's death?"

"To save you from what, in your state at the time, you could not bear. I say again you are innocent, but I dare not risk the trial."

She was silent for some minutes. Then she spoke.

"I am proud, passionate, wicked," she said, "but I could never have meant to do this. I was mad! I must have been mad! They [illegible] you could tell them I was mad. They would believe you and forgive me."

She looked at me imploringly.

"I could stand up," I said, "and state on oath that you were at the time in a raging delirium. I could pledge my professional reputation that your actions were the result of madness. Fear nothing on that score, my wife."

I spoke boldly, but as I spoke a thought shot through me—a thought which blanched my cheek and brought the beads of perspiration to my brow. I knew enough of law to be aware that a husband could not in a criminal case give evidence for or against his wife. My marriage with Philippa had deprived her of the benefit of my testimony as to her insanity. I trembled [illegible] as I pictured what might be the result in the event of her being tried for the murder of Sir Mervyn Ferrand. [illegible] myself and perhaps my servant had seen her in her madness.

My dismay was such that I was bound to leave the room in order to recover my presence of mind. Again and again I thanked heaven that we were in Spain. The thought that my [illegible] love might have destroyed her [illegible] almost more than I could bear.

I fancy I have lingered long over that terrible time when my wife first learned that the dream which had haunted her was reality—that her hand had unknowingly avenged her supposed and yet meditated wrong. Let me but say that the mental anguish into which the knowledge plunged her was not unattended by physical evil. In fact for many days my poor girl was ill, very ill. My mother and I nursed her with every care and by and by youth and a splendid constitution reasserted themselves, and a shadow of her former self she was able to leave her bed. My mother was [illegible] herself to her daughter. She knew nothing of the true cause of her illness. Indeed, she blamed me [illegible] for not having taken proper care of my beautiful bride, and vowed laughingly that for the future nothing should induce her to trust Philippa out of her sight.

Now that Philippa knew all she had done, I thought it better to tell her that, although he had no intention of so doing, Sir Mervyn Ferrand in causing a mock marriage to be celebrated, had by a strange chance really made her his wife. This gave her the greater comfort. "It makes my crime the greater," she said, bitterly. "I have killed my husband instead of my seducer. I am not fit to live!"

Weeks went by. Philippa gradually grew stronger and what was even more [illegible] of joy to me, calmer and more reasonable on a certain subject. With all the power I could bring to bear I had never ceased to impress upon her that morally she was innocent, and I believed my words were bearing fruit. Her fits of mental anguish and self reproach grew of less frequent occurrence. [illegible] whenever we were alone [illegible] continually harp on her crime. [illegible] to settle upon us once more, and I even tried to hope that the great physician, Time, would one day bring to my wife's heart something that might be called happiness; but I knew I must wait years and years for that.

She was changed, greatly changed. Her [illegible] her eyes never [illegible] at times when she saw me drawing near [illegible] seemed older and graver. [illegible] I know, in spite of all, she loved me with a deathless love.

Although at last we had ceased to discuss the sorrow of our life I suspected it was seldom absent from her mind. [illegible] as I lay beside her [illegible] and her moaning and talking in her troubled dreams, and [illegible] I knew the cause. In my arms to soothe her and assured her of the safety and certainty of my great love. In my heart I [illegible] the man whose evil deed had brought such [illegible] on the fair head [illegible] pillowed on my breast. [illegible]

Once—I [illegible] after Philippa began to [illegible] a walk [illegible] about the fragrant garden—she said to me with evident [illegible] in her voice:

"Basil! do you see the London papers?"

"Basil! do you see the London papers?"

"Seldom see—not always. I have almost forgotten England."

"From now you will see them every day."

"I will, if you wish. But why?"

She [illegible]

"Can you not guess? Basil, listen. I have consented to be guided by you. I am praying that the day may come when I shall think as you think. But what if an innocent person were accused of the crime I have committed? Then there is but one course; you could urge nothing against it. Promise me you will see the paper every day as soon as it reaches here. I shall have no peace unless you do."

I promised fearlessly. Justice does sometimes make mistakes, but not such a mistake as the one hinted at by Philippa. No. Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death was a mystery never to be solved. So, to set my poor wife at ease in the matter, I wrote and ordered that The Times should be posted to me every day.

CHAPTER XII.

[illegible]

I hate looking back and re-reading words which I had written while the impulse was upon me, but I fancy I have somewhere called this tale a confession. If not, I should have done so. It claims no more to be ranked as a work of art than as a work of imagination. How could it? In both only two characters—a man and a woman. It treats but of their love and of a few months of their lives. Nevertheless, in telling it I have endeavored to conceal nothing. I have tried to describe my thoughts, my hopes, my fears, my sorrows, my love and my joys, as they really were. I have, I believe, suppressed nothing which could lead any one to condemn my actions more strongly than, it may be, they now condemn them. My wish has been to show myself as I was then—no doubt am now—a weak, selfish man; yet, for the love which he bore a woman, one willing to risk fortune, life, even honor. If I have failed in my attempt to represent myself as such a one, believe it is not from intention, but from sheer inability.

But whether I have so far succeeded or not, I know that in my purpose in this chapter I must, perforce, fail. The language rich and powerful enough to serve my needs has yet to be invented. The writer who could in any fitting way reproduce my thoughts has yet to be born.

And yet the chapter will be a short one. It will be but the records of a few hours; but such hours! Hours during which I struggled against a temptation to commit, not only crime, but base, cowardly crime; a temptation stronger, I dare to think, than poor human nature has as yet been subjected to. My words sound bold, but listen.

Oh, that one morning! How well I can remember it. Our breakfast was just over. The [illegible] table, with its snowy cloth throwing into relief the deep colors of the luscious fruit upon it, still stood in the [illegible] patio. I was alone, my mother and Philippa having retired indoors to [illegible] economy. I lounged lazily and at my ease. I rolled and lighted a cigarette, [illegible] any barbarity in profaning the [illegible] air with tobacco smoke.

Then I took from my pocket The London Times, which had arrived by the last post, and lazily set to work to skim the lengthy columns.

I had no fear as to what the paper might contain. It was not from [illegible] parts that I apprehended danger. [illegible] however, noticed that Philippa, when she saw me with a newspaper in my hand, eyed me anxiously and inquiringly, so that generally I contrived to glance through it when she was absent. I never permitted her to touch it until I had read it, but my only reason for this prohibition was that I feared lest some chance allusion to the mysterious and undiscovered crime might distress her and [illegible]. Her own far-fetched fancy that another might be accused of it gave me not a moment's uneasiness.

So I turned and doubled back the broad sheets. I ran down the topics of the day. I skimmed the leading articles. I glanced at the foreign news; paid scant attention to law reports, and disregarded altogether the money-market intelligence. At last I turned my attention to the provincial news column. A name caught my eye, a cold shiver of dread ran through me. My cigarette fell [illegible] and lay there on the marble pavement, and with agitation which no words can describe, I read a short paragraph placed under the heading of the principal town of the county in which Redleigh was situated. Read!

"William Evans, the man accused of the murder of Sir Mervyn Ferrand last January, will be tried at these Assizes which open on the 20th. The case, which at the time caused considerable interest, will be taken on the first day. It is reported that [illegible] fresh evidence against the prisoner will be forthcoming. It will be of a purely circumstantial nature."

Every word of that accursed paragraph seemed like a blow falling upon my head. For some minutes I sat as one stunned. I felt my teeth chattering. I knew that my cheek was blanched. Philippa's fanciful dread had come to pass! Another—an innocent man—was bearing the burden of her own mad act! Dazed, stupid, scarcely able to comprehend what must be the full effect of what I had just read, I sat for minutes with my eyes fixed upon that fatal sheet.

The sound of my mother's pleasant voice calling to Philippa at last awoke me from my stupor. They were coming. I could not face them. I folded up the newspaper, thrust it into my pocket, and rushed out into the street. As yet I had not dared to imagine what this intelligence might mean to us. I must have long hours of solitude in order to decide what course should be adopted to face this, the last, the worst peril.

I passed swiftly through the iron gate. I went up the narrow street at a pace which must have made all who saw me think me mad. Whither did I go? I scarcely remember. I think it must have been to one of the public gardens, but in that hour all sense of locality left me. I went instinctively in search of solitude. I found [illegible] some shady deserted spot. There, in the anguish of my heart amid the wreck of my newly founded happiness, I threw myself on the ground, and dug my finger nails into the dry soil.

At first I thought I was going or had gone mad.

At first I thought I was going or had gone mad. The thoughts which rushed through my mind were disjointed, and wanted coherence. An innocent man accused of murder. To be tried on the twentieth? The twentieth, and now it is the sixteenth. Fresh evidence forthcoming! The four—[illegible]. Thus the boasted detective skill. To arrest on suspicion, to bring to trial a man who must be ignorant of everything connected with the murder! What is to be done? What can be done? Oh, my wife! my poor, darling wife!

Then, I believe, I cried like a child. It seemed to me that all was lost. There was but one thing to be done—one course to be taken. My darling must give herself up to justice and by her confession free the man who now stands in peril of his life. She must bear the shame of the trial, and trust to human justice and the mercy which she had a right to expect. Oh, it was pitiful, pitiful! For a long while no alternative course suggested itself to me.

Human justice! What is justice? See how it can err. It can arrest, try and, horrible thought—perhaps condemn to death an innocent man. How then would it fare with Philippa? [illegible] It seemed to me we were hard and fast in the toils. I might, it is true, call William, my servant, to swear that her manner was strange and wild upon that night. I might call the servants to prove that when first they saw her she was raving [illegible]. But would they be credited? Would not a clever lawyer soon convince twelve ordinary men that it was not her madness which prompted the crime, but the crime which produced the madness? We were indeed meshed and bound, hemmed in on every side, and it seemed, hopeless!

And Philippa must be told this. I must tell her! How could I nerve myself to make the truth known to her, now, of all times, when her health was all but restored, when a kind of sad but placid happiness [illegible] seemed to be gradually coming over her; now when I was once more building up hopes of happiness for her as well as for me? For I knew—and think of this, and pity me—that, before another half year should pass there might be given to my wife and me a gift which would go far towards sweeping away the memories of gloom and horror which had of late spread over our lives. I even dared to hope to feel certain, that as she gazed into baby eyes, as she pressed a tiny hand to her breast, some touch of the lost sweetness and glory of life might return to my love.

Think of this, and picture me lying on the ground that day with the damning intelligence fresh on my mind! Think that in a few hours I must return to my home and tell my wife that the bolt had fallen. Then was no alternative?

No alternative? Nay, there is an alternative! The blood seemed to course wildly through my veins, my heart beat fiercely, my lips grew dry, and a choking sensation came over me, as for the first time the simple yet certain way of cutting the knot of my difficulties flashed across my mind. So simple, so easy it at first appeared, that I laughed at my stupidity in not having seen it at once.

Tear that accursed paper to pieces, Basil North! Scatter those pieces to the winds. Forget what you have read. Go back to your luxurious, flower-bedecked home. Meet the one you love with a smile upon your face—you have forced smiles before now! Greet her as usual. Say nothing of this morning's news. Keep your own counsel. Bury all you have learned in your secret heart. Do this, and be happy forever more!

But the man—the man who in a few days' time is to be tried for another's act! Well, what of him? The fool will doubtless be acquitted. Fool! Yes, it is the right term for one who can bring himself under suspicion. But if justice runs on the wrong track until the end—if that man dies?

What then! What is this miserable life, what are a hundred lives, when weighed against Philippa's happiness? What is conscience? What is right and wrong? What but the phantom which men call honor! What, after all, is crime? Be silent, and forget. You are asked to do no more. You have riches, youth, health and strength, and the fairest woman on the earth adores you. Why hesitate? Why let one boor's life weigh in the scale?

Argue the matter in another way. Are not thousands of men slain every year by the whim of a monarch or a statesman? The thought of their deaths troubles not those who send them forth to fight. Men kill each other for revenge, for money, for a point of honor, and the killer lives on like other men. Live! Trust this man to the vaunted array of justice. He is innocent, and will come from the ordeal unscathed. If found guilty let him die. He will not be the first innocent man who has died, nor will he be the last to die. It is but one life! He is nothing to you, think of him no more. Come what may you will always have your sunny home and the woman you love. Her children will grow up around you. Why hesitate? A life's happiness is to be won by simply sealing your lips. Its cost is but, supposing Justice blunders, to bear the burden of one man's death. A paltry price!

This was the temptation with which I wrestled during those long hours. Again and again I was on the point of yielding. Once or twice I rose to my feet with the final consummation of destroying that paper and letting things take their own course. Once or twice I even forced my steps some distance in the direction of home, but each time I turned, went back to the sheltered spot, threw myself again on the ground, and fought the battle anew.

No, I could not do this thing. I was a gentleman and a man of honor. Paltry as the price was when compared with what it might buy I could not pay it. Although my whole soul was merged in Philippa's welfare I could not, even for her sake, suffer an innocent man to be done unjustly to death. The crime was too black, too base, too contemptible! I felt sure that, with the man's blood morally on my head, the imagined joys which life could give would not lull my conscience to rest. I knew it would not be long before remorse and shame drove me to commit suicide.

Let the preachers say that sin is easy; that wrong is more alluring than right. There may be some sins which are easily committed, but I dare to say that there are others which the average man, educated by the code of honor, and dreading shame and cowardice, finds it far easier to avoid than to bring himself to commit. No, every sin is not easy!

But all the same my struggle was a mortal one. At times I fancy—it may be but fancy—that even now my mind bears some traces of that conflict, a conflict in which my victory meant ruin to my nearest and dearest. Was I not right when I said that my temptation was an all but unparalleled one? [illegible]

(To be Continued.)

Caught by an Octopus.

A diver who was trying to find pearls off the Alaska coast, found none, but found himself, all of a sudden, in the grasp of an ugly octopus with arms 27 feet long. Such an experience is rare, but there are thousands of people who are caught by dyspepsia, which is quite as bad. An octopus hates to let go. So does dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters settles dyspepsia, and makes it loose its cruel grip. Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter, of 131 Conway street, Baltimore, were both cured of dyspepsia by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

An ordinary train of passenger coaches is worth about $53,000.

Woman's Suffering and Relief

Those languid tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of I used two bottles of Hop

"Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it

"All the time!" respectfully B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

WHEN to advertise—always.

WHERE THE FIRE IS OUT

Magic no More a Mystery—Seen From Across the World

Haroun of Aleppo, said Sir Philip Derval, had mastered every secret in nature which the [illegible] to fathom. He discovered that the true art in healing is to assist nature to throw off the disease—to summon as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all intended the reinvigoration of the principle of life.

In this the eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of today. What life itself is, nobody knows. [illegible] but we have learned something of the [illegible] the great organs of the body are [illegible] failing; restore them and [illegible] these [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to resist it. Now a days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.

In this intelligent and beneficent work it is conceded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the [illegible] the functions of the stomach, kidneys and liver are [illegible] No other preparation [illegible] the same qualities [illegible] at the best [illegible] Hiscox & Co., New York.

A Roller skate is a nice skate, but an ice skate is not a roller skate.

New Testimonials of Dennis Remedies

DEAR SIR—I hereby testify that before I commenced using your Blood Liver and Kidney Cure, about three months since my nervous system was completely prostrated and I find that it is all that I could ask for my case. MRS. J. R. SHOEMAKER, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 25th, 1884.

The above testimony is one of hundreds that I get in every direction where I go for the article referred to and the full list of my goods such as The Great Panacea, Dennis Superior Cough Syrup, Balm of Gilead Salve, etc. Price 25 cts. Each for sale by E. B. McCoy, Smethport, Pa., and also by the Proprietor and manufacturer formerly of Prentiss Vale.

G. F. DENNIS, Eldred, Pa.

The snow! The snow! The beautiful snow, your heels will fly up and down you go.

Why waste Time and Money

On that which does no good? Your children have worms and are cross always hungry, sleepless, puny and weak from the presence of worms in the stomach which prevents the food being taken up to nourish the body. Parmelee's Santonine Worm Candies will dissolve and remove the worms and then all will be well. You cannot do better by your children than to attend to their health. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

WHEN a hen retires for the night, it is quite proper to speak of her as a rooster.

At Home and Abroad,

At church and theatre, in the counting house and work room, in fact, every where is heard that hacking cough which soon develops into congestion or inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. Be wise in time. Immediate relief and cure can be cheaply obtained. Hamilton's Cough Balsam will surely give you relief from these throat and lung troubles that often terminate in death. Instant relief in croup and a subduer of whooping cough. Your consumptive friend will be greatly benefited. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

A YOUNG man asks: "When is the best time to move?" When you hear the dog start.

Mr Gough on Silk Hats

"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50 cents. All druggists.

THAT hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

WILL you suffer without dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

SLEEPLESS nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you.

CATARRH cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

FOR lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's porous plaster. Price 25 cents.

SHILOH'S cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.

SHILOH'S vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle.

CROUP, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

The Throat

Is often diseased on account of catarrh, producing dryness and a constant desire to cough. That tickling sensation and the hoarseness that is so common to public singers and speakers especially, is relieved at once by Hamilton's Cough Troches which are prepared from the most approved formula. Do not wait till acute bronchitis or even consumption takes hold of you. Price only 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

It is a fact too well known to be denied, that if it were not for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup hotel proprietors in Florida would put their rates up to ten dollars per day.

PEOPLE laughed at roller skating when first introduced. Now they laugh at the skaters.

SHEEP rarely have any kind of disease if they roost off the hills and take Day's Horse and Cattle Powder. The right quantity in health is one teaspoonful to the sheep.

MORE snow is wanted.

$50 goes if Centaurine fails to help or cure the worst cases of corns, scratches, sore necks or wounds of any kind on horse or man. Sold by H. C. Wells. Price 50 cts.

TONIC Laxative Horse Powders, the only guaranteed purely vegetable powder in the market, put up in tin cans. Price 25 cents. Sold by H. C. Wells.

THIS is first class winter weather.

I FOUND IT A SURE CURE. I have been troubled with catarrhal deafness for seven or eight years with a roaring noise in the head. I bought medicine in thirteen states but nothing helped me till I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. In four days I could hear as well as ever. I am cured of the Catarrh as well. I consider Ely's Cream Balm the best medicine ever made.—Garrett Widrick, Hastings, N. Y.

WHOSE wedding will be the next to occur?

STOP that cough by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific ever known for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It will soothe the rough feeling in your throat, give the vocal organs flexibility and vitality, and enable you to breathe and speak clearly.

WHITE Pine Petroleum Hoof Ointment for hard and feverish hoofs. Price 75 cts. Sold by H. C. Wells.

BRIDAL cakes are frequently kept for fifty or one hundred years.

SHEDD'S Excelsior Cough Syrup is known the length and breadth of the land and is recommended by the best physicians. Try it.

THE Lycoming county jail has thirty inmates.

A FEW drops of Joseph's Oil in sweetened water will relieve at once all internal pains and aches.

A PAPER chimney 50 feet high has been erected in Breslau.

SALLOW skin and Pimples on the Face cured by Shedd's Little Mandrake Pills. Forty pills in a bottle only 25 cents.

EVENING shoes are of the color of the dress or golden bronze.

THE Burdock Plant is one of the best diuretics or kidney regulators in the vegetable world and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of kidneys, liver and blood.

PEKIN [illegible] boasts of a woman who has finger nails an inch long.

HAVE used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

As if by Magic

Joseph Oil cures cuts, wounds, bruises or sprains, and all rheumatic difficulties yield at once to its soothing virtues.

Eating and Starving

It is all the same for you are sure to suffer from piles. No worse torture can be conceived. Blind or itching piles are unequaled for annoyance, but by a few applications of Parmelee's Pile Suppositories they entirely disappear. The knife is often resorted to by physicians for the removal of protruding piles but such barbarity is not a necessity. For Parmelee's Pile Suppositories used according to directions quickly reduce, replace and drive them away. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

Dentists Looking for a Job

With a bottle of Joseph's Oil in the house you need not suffer with toothache. A little of the oil on cotton instantly relieves the pain.

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore throat, Hoarseness. Troches 15c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster, strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, debility. $1.

Whooping Cough, and the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

Mothers, if you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25c.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking coughs, colds, sore throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

Wide awake three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

SUGAR toys are becoming quite the rage, I believe," remarked a reporter to a leading candy manufacturer.

"Yes. Toys are made up as readily of sugar as of plaster of paris, wood, metal, or any other substance. The method of manufacturing—say dogs—is this: Large quantities of sugar are kept boiling in a huge copper kettle to a certain temperature, when it is taken out and poured into the dog molds, which are made of plaster of paris and moistened to keep the sugar from sticking to them. They are then put on trays. The way they are made hollow is in allowing the sugar to cool and get hard on the outside against the mold; the liquid sugar inside is poured out leaving a mere shell. It is then taken out of the mold, allowed to cool, and decorated with a harmless coloring, and ready for the market.

"The impression that seems to be so general respecting the adulteration of candies really has but little, or no foundation in fact, as the injury done to the trade in this particular always more than counterbalances the tendency in this direction. It is also well known that according to the constitution of Manufacturers and Dealers in Confectionery of the United States, any member found guilty of using any mineral substance in the manufacture of confectionery, shall be expelled from the association."

Superstitions Concerning Eggs.

Many queer superstitions are held in various parts of the world about eggs. In some places people are afraid to gather eggs and bring them into the house after dark, in others eggs must not be brought in on Sunday. In France certain folks preserve all the year, eggs laid on Good Friday, as it is thought they are valuable for extinguishing fires. An old writer said that if the owners of houses eat eggs, they must take care to eat an even number, otherwise mischief will betide the house.

A crust in the open air makes more blood than a roast of beef eaten in a close room.

SOMEBODY.

[Every Other Saturday.]

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close and whispers loud:
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door,
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor.

Climbs on the fence, and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair,
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then
Somebody doesn't care."

The Artificial Dimple.

[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.]

In the way of attractiveness in fashionable femininity its the newest nonsense is an artificial dimple. It is made by smearing a small spot on the chin or cheek with colorless shellac varnish mixed with glue and then pressing the flesh with the point of a pencil or pen holder, holding it so until the stuff becomes dry and fixed. The process is not available for thin, bony faces, nor where the skin is thick and taut, but in the case of a soft, pulpy surface a very deceptive result can be produced. The stiffened indentation retains the shape of a dimple, and a dusting of powder conceals the conglomerate. A little care must be observed on smiling too suddenly lest the dimple be broken, but with gentle usage it will last a whole evening.

The Quassia Cure.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It is alleged by one who has been cured of a consuming taste for alcoholic stimulant that a half ounce of ground quassia steeped in a pint of vinegar, a small teaspoonful of the decoction to be drunk in a little water every time the thirst comes on, affords a certain cure. In a few days the liquor craving will have entirely disappeared. This is a cheap, simple, and harmless remedy for a very serious and expensive passion.

Filtering Stone.

Filtering stone is now made by mixing, in water, certain proportions of clay, levigated chalk, coarse and fine glass sand and ground flint. They are molded and hard burned.

The term cut glass is incorrect. Glass can not be cut, not even by the diamond. The diamond cracks it and enables any one to break it. What ordinarily is called cut glass is really ground glass.

E. B. McCOY,
Druggist & Pharmacist
No. 34 Main Street,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always on Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives speedy facilities for night calls.

STEWART'S IRON FIBRE
PAINT AND CEMENT
COLORS RED AND BROWN
All Ready for Use

For painting buildings, fences, bridges, roofs, &c., and for coating and preserving metals of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to
WM. H. STEWART,
74 Courtlandt St., New York.

SWEET WORM POWDERS
[illegible]

SWEET WORM POWDERS
[illegible]

SWEET WORM POWDERS
They are a sure and safe remedy for the cure of worms in [illegible] children. Try them.

SWEET WORM POWDERS
[illegible] easy remedy to take with the best results.

SWEET WORM POWDERS
They have been in the market for fifteen years and have always given satisfaction in every case. Try them.

SWEET WORM POWDERS
When your druggist offers you anything else do not take it, but make him send and get

E. K. THOMPSON'S
SWEET WORM POWDERS
[illegible] Price 25c. Sent to any post office on receipt of 25 cents.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL
Cures headache, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, [illegible] chafing, blisters, &c. [illegible] Quarts $1; [illegible] bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU
[illegible] per bottle. [illegible] RISLEY, [illegible] Courtlandt St., N. Y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

D. Langell's Asthma and Catarrh Remedy.

Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, and receiving no benefit, I was compelled during the last 5 years of my illness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath; my sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE for ASTHMA and CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most stubborn case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Any person not fully satisfied after using one-third of a box, can return the remainder to the proprietor and the money will be refunded, or send me your address for a trial package FREE OF CHARGE. Mrs. W. T. Brown, Monroe, Texas, writes: "I suffered with Asthma 30 years. Your Great Remedy completely cured me. I wish all afflicted with Asthma and Catarrh to send for it. Publish this for the benefit of the afflicted." Should your druggist not keep the remedy I can send it by mail on receipt of price. $1 00. For sale by all druggists. Address
D. LANGELL, Appleereek, Ohio.

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Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

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Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Manufacture a large variety of
LIGHT and HEAVY CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, CARTS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, &C.,
After the most approved designs at the very lowest prices consistent with good workmanship.

—50,000 vehicles—
of our manufacture are now in use in the U. S. and [illegible] countries, and [illegible] at the [illegible] which they our goods by the universal [illegible].—Every vehicle is WARRANTED.—Special attention will be given to mail orders.
CATALOGUES FREE.

D. W. Miller Carriage Co.,
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Michigan Buggy Co.
KALAMAZOO, Mich.

Wholesale Manufacturers of all kinds of Open and Top BUGGIES and ROAD CARTS. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalogue and prices.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

We also manufacture a full line of CUTTERS, including Swell Body, Portland, Square Box, two seat Portland and Pony Sleighs.

Send for cuts and prices before purchasing.

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO.,
KALAMAZOO, Mich.

FERNANDO B. SMITH'S
PATENT SPRINKLER
AND
Novelty Force Pump.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY. SAVE YOUR FRUIT. SAVE YOUR FLOWERS. Save everything that makes home pleasant and profitable. It has no equal. It throws a strong stream sixty feet or more.

With the Sprinkler attached it spreads the water in a gentle shower or spray. For washing windows or carriages, and for watering lawns, gardens and greenhouses, it has no equal. It is adapted to throwing liquid poisons of all kinds to destroy noxious insects and bugs of every nature on plant, vine or tree, and should be kept in every home, store and factory, as it is ready as a protection against fires.—*Every Farmer Wants One.*

Send for circulars and price lists.

FERNANDO B. SMITH,
Manufacturer & Patentee,
180 East 4th St., Canton, Ohio.

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A. B. FARQUHAR, Manufacturer, York, Pa.
Farquhar's Improved Shelby Patent Pressed
Steam Engines and Saw Mills a Specialty.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.
E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
[illegible] Sold by druggists.

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LEARN TELEGRAPHY or SHORT-HAND and Type-Writing. [illegible] 21 59—ly.

[illegible]
[illegible] to test its [illegible]

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Annually Sown and Planted in Half a Million Gardens!
This Year's Catalogue Free on Application.
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READ THIS
BEST IN THE WORLD!
NEW MEAT-CHOPPER
GUARANTEED TO CHOP NOT GRIND THE MEAT
CHOPS AS SHOWN.
RAPID CLEAN
No. 10.
FAMILY SIZE.
Price, $3.00
NO STRINGS OR SINEWS CAN PASS THROUGH UNCUT.
FOR CHOPPING Sausage-Meat, Mince-Meat, Hash, Hamburg Steak, Scrapple, Tripe, Clams, Chicken Salad, Croquettes, Codfish, Scrap-Meat for Poultry, &c.
VALUABLE COOK BOOK, FREE, WITH EVERY CHOPPER
CAPACITY.
No. 10 chops 1 lb. per minute, $3.00.
No. 12 [illegible] 2 lb. [illegible] 2.50.
No. 22 [illegible] 3 lb. [illegible] 4.00.
No. 32 [illegible] 4 lb. [illegible] 6.00.
Send for Catalogue.
MENTION THIS PAPER.
Sold by all Hardware Dealers.
Tested and Endorsed by 100 Agricultural Journals.
Farm and Fireside says: After testing, each editor immediately ordered an Enterprise Meat Chopper for his family use.
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Line as is done in any Establishment in this section of the state.

A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED

—AND—

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

BUFFALO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

Time Table takes effect Nov. 23, 1884

NORTHWARD			STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	Ar Lv	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7 00	1 10	8 40	Buffalo	6 40	2 40	5 30
6 15	12 32	7 54	East Aurora	6 47	3 19	6 16
5 50	12 02	7 17	Sardinia Jun	9 26	3 49	6 46
5 31	11 57	7 11	Arcade	9 32	3 54	6 56
5 00	11 49	6 42	Machias	9 45	4 12	7 13
[illegible]	11 30	6 40	Franklinville	10 07	4 22	7 22
4 23	11 02	6 06	Hinsdale	10 27	4 42	7 33
4 02	10 44	5 50	Olean	10 54	5 05	8 10
2 [illegible]	8 00		Bradford	10 45	6 50	
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Lv Ar	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
3 12	9 24		Portville	11 10	4 19	8 22
3 01	9 02		Eldred	11 30	5 06	9 30
2 13	9 55		Larrabees	11 25	5 40	9 41
4 48	8 37		Port Allegany	12 01	6 06	10 22
1 40	8 25		Emporium	1 06	7 40	12 30
p.m.	a.m.		Lv Ar	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
3 30			Harrisburg		4 30	
11 20			Philadelphia		7 20	
8 00			New York		10 40	
11 20			Baltimore		7 20	
10 00			Washington		8 30	
p.m.			Lv Ar		a.m.	

Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo 4.50 p. m. arrive Olean 7.15 p. m.; leave Olean 7.15 a. m. arrive Buffalo 10.00 a. m., stopping at all stations.

ROCHESTER DIVISION.

North'd			STATIONS.	South'd		
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	11 20	1 00	Rochester	7 45	3	5 35
[illegible]	11 04	8 47	Terminal	7 58	2 48	5 48
1	10 17	[illegible]	Scottsville	8 22	4 12	6 15
	10	[illegible]	Avon	8 40	4 33	6 32
5 47	10 17	4 47	Fowlerville	8 56	4 45	6 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	4 40	York	9 01	4 56	6 56
[illegible]	9 55	[illegible]	Coylerville	9 13	5 10	7 06
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 10	Mt Morris	9 24	5 20	7 20
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 41	Tuscarora	9 35	5 44	7 42
[illegible]	9 07	6 40	Junction	9 55	5 53	7 10
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 01	Portage	10 30	6 23	p.m.
[illegible]	8 27		Wiscoy	10 45	6 37	
3 41	8 18		Fillmore	10 56	6 50	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Caneadea	11 13	7 31	
[illegible]	7 32		Belfast	11 22	7 50	
[illegible]	7 22		Cuba	11 53	8 02	
[illegible]	7 04		Hinsdale	12 19	8 30	
[illegible]	6 45		Olean	12 30	8 40	
p.m.	a.m.		lv ar	p.m.	p.m.	
4 30	9 07	6 30	lv Nunda ar	10 35	6 10	8 00
4 00	8 45		lv Swaines ar	11 00	6 32	
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

L'v Northw'd		STATIONS.	L'v Southw'd	
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
3 10	7 40	Larrabees	11 40	5 56
[illegible]	9 11	Frisbee	11 42	6 01
[illegible]	9 00	Farmers Valley	12 02	6 12
[illegible]	8 40	Smethport	12 14	6 27
[illegible]	8 30	Crosby	12 29	6 42
2 05	8 10	Colegrove	12 33	6 4
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hamlin	12 37	6 53
[illegible]	[illegible]	Werrwag	12 54	7 2
1 30	7 00	Clermont	1 10	7 30

Narrow Gauge System.—Trains leave Olean for Bradford 6.00, 11.00 a. m., 5.10 p. m., arrive Olean 8.44 a. m., 4.00, 6.00 p. m. Leave Eldred for Bradford 7.45, 11.35 a. m., 5.45 p. m., arrive Eldred 11.3 a. m., 4.00, 5.55 p. m. Leave Bradford for Kinzua 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 4.20 p. m., arrive Bradford 11.15 a. m., 2.25, 6.00 p. m. Sunday Trains.—Leave Olean 3.30 p. m., arrive Olean [illegible] a. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Time.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Erie and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on trains leaving Buffalo at 2.40 p. m., arriving [illegible] p. m.

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r & T'k. Agt.,
No. 41 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM.

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect Dec. 25, 1884.

			STATIONS.			
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 25	Bradford	8 00	2 40	4 30
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kenzua Ju	8 50	3 25	5 15
[illegible]	[illegible]	5 40	Aiken	9 03		5 29
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 30	Simpson	9 19		5 44
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Smethport	10 02		6 25
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Rew City	8 39	3 34	5 24
[illegible]	[illegible]	5 41	Ormsford	9 21	3 56	5 46
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Dinks Centre	9 26	4 01	5 51
[illegible]	[illegible]	5 23	Eldred	9 45	4 20	6 10
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Bullis Mills	10 02	4 37	6 27
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ceres	10 19	4 54	6 44
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Little Genesee	11 55	5 10	7 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 05	Bolivar	11 10	6 30	7 10
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 30	Allentown	11 10	5 45	
[illegible]	[illegible]		ar Wellsville lv	11 45	6 30	
p m	a m			p. m.	p. m.	pm
p m	a m		N. Y. L. E. & W. RR.	p. m.	p. m.	pm.
[illegible]	[illegible]		Hornellsville	2 05	7 25	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Corning	3 52	9 30	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Elmira	4 40	10 05	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Binghamton	7 40	11 58	
[illegible]	5 00		New York		7 10	
p m	p m			p m	a.m.	

Sunday Trains leave Smethport at 9.20 a. m., arriving at Bradford at 11.10 a. m. Returning leave Bradford at 2.50 p. m., arriving at Smethport at 4.30 p. m.

B. C. WILLIAMS, Gen Manager. JNO C. McKENNA, Gen Pass Agt.

CUBA BRANCH. To take effect Jan. 1, 1884

Westward		Stations	Eastward	
			25	27
			a. m.	p. m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar Cuba Lv	10 00	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lv Little Genesee ar	11 42	6 45
[illegible]	[illegible]	Bolivar	11 55	6 56

B. C. WILLIAMS, Gen'l Man'gr.
JNO. C. McKENNA, G. P. A.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—PHILADELPHIA & Erie R. R. Division.

On and after August [illegible], trains will leave Emporium as follows: For Philadelphia, New York and the East, Baltimore, Washington and the south 8 10 a. m. and 6:20 p. m. on week days.

For Kane, Warren, Corry, Erie and intermediate stations 11:25 a. m. on week days.

For Kane and intermediate stations 7:35 p. m. on week days.

ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R. R.

New Time Table, take effect Monday, Feb. 17, 1884.

ROCHESTER DIVISION.

EASTWARD			STATIONS.	WESTWARD		
Acc	Mail	Exp	Eastern Time.	Mail	Exp	Acc
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	9 20	12 47	ar Rochester lv	6 45	6 30	4 30
[illegible]	[illegible]	12 15	Scottsville	7 12	6 32	4 4
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 02	Mumford	7 24	7 0	4
[illegible]	8 35	1 02	Leroy	7 42	7 35	5 04
[illegible]	8 17	11 45	Pavillion	8 05	7 46	5 11
[illegible]	7 4	11 15	Wyoming	8 05	8 10	6 15
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 10	Warsaw	8 30	8 25	
[illegible]	7 10	10 45	Silver Lake Jun	8 53	8 40	6
7 35	6 51	10 35	Gainesville	9 05	8 51	6
7 15	6 41	10 21	Pike	9 17	9 01	
a.m	6 30	10 10	Bliss	9 28	9 15	
	5 5	9 32	Farmersville	9 54	9 41	
	5 43	9 0	Machias	10 16	10 16	
	5 02	7 41	Ashford	10 37	10 30	
	4 05	8 38	Ellicottville	10 50	10 30	
	4 20	8 17	Bradford Junc	11 10	11 40	
	4 32	8 10	lv Salamanca ar	11 17	11 07	
	4 21	a. m. ar	Salamanca lv	11 37		
	4 03		Carrollton	11 45		
	3 48	a. m.	Limestone	12 00		
	3 35		lv Bradford ar	12 15		
	1 30		ar Bradford lv	12 38		
	1 30		Custer City	12 47		
	11 15		Johnsonb'g Jun	2 35		
	10 45		Ridgway	2 25		
	10 25		Little Toby	3 50		
	[illegible]		Brockwayville	4 23		
	[illegible]		Falls Creek	5 00		
	[illegible]		Du Bois	5 10		
	[illegible]		Reken	[illegible]		
	[illegible]		Big Run	5 15		
	8 05		Punxsutawney	6 15		
	8 00		lv Clayville ar	6 20		
	a. m.			p.m		

BUFFALO DIVISION.

EASTWARD			STATIONS	WESTWARD		
Exp.	Mail	Exp		Mail	Ac	
a.m.	p.m.			a. m.	p. m.	
8 40	7 45		Ar Buffalo Lv William St. Dep	9 20	7 45	
8 47	6 50		Orchard Park	8 56	8 35	
8 14	6 37		West Falls	9 00	8 35	
9 00	6 30		Golden	9 10	8 42	
9 12	6 02		Springville	9 45	9 30	
9 44	5 33		West Valley	10 18	9 30	
10 30	5 10		Ashford	10 34	10 17	
a m	p m			a.m.	p.m.	

☞ Trains leaving Buffalo make direct connections at Ashford with all trains on the Rochester Division for all points east and west on this line.

The Express trains connect at Buffalo with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. for points east, with L. S. & M. S. R. R., Michigan Central R. R., and Grand Trunk for all points in Michigan and West, at Salamanca with N. Y. P. & O. R. R. for the west, and Erie R. R. for the east. The Express Trains leaving Buffalo connect at Salamanca with N. Y. P. & O. and Erie railroads for points east and west; at Bradford with Narrow Gauge system for all points in Oil Regions; at Johnsonburg for all points on the P. & E. R. R. The afternoon Express from Buffalo connects at Falls Creek with A. V. R. R. for Pittsburgh and points east and west. Passengers from Pittsburgh for Buffalo and Rochester and intermediate stations, should take the Allegheny Valley R. R. train leaving Union depot, Pittsburgh, at [illegible] p. m. Buffalo passengers take Belt Line R. R. for William Street depot.

Connections for east and west are made at Rochester with the New York Central & Hudson River R. R. and at Salamanca with the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. for Jamestown, Mansfield, Cincinnati, Chicago and the west, also with the Erie R. R. for Hornellsville, and eastern points, at Bradford with the Narrow Gauge System to all points in the oil regions; at Ridgway with P. & E. R. R. for Emporium, Williamsport, Philadelphia and Baltimore; at Falls Creek with Allegheny Valley R. R. for Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis and the west and south.

J. S. EMERY, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
JAS. T. GARDNER, Gen'l Superintendent.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Sept. 1, 1884.

AR. EASTW'D.		STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D	
M	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
7 16	1 10	Coudersport	7 45	4 00
7 13	1 05	Hammonds	7 48	4 05
7 04	12.56	Olmsted	7.57	4.13
6.59	12.51	Nelsons	8.05	4.18
6.52	12.46	Knowlton	8.10	4.25
6.44	12.36	Roulette	8.18	4.34
6.40	12.33	Pomeroy Bridge	8.28	4.37
6.32	12.25	Burtville	8.31	4.45
6.25	12.18	Silver Spring	8.36	4.50
6.19	12.12	Coleman	8.45	4.54
6.12	12.05	Port Allegany	8.50	5.03

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. McCLURE, Sup't.